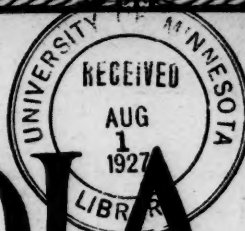
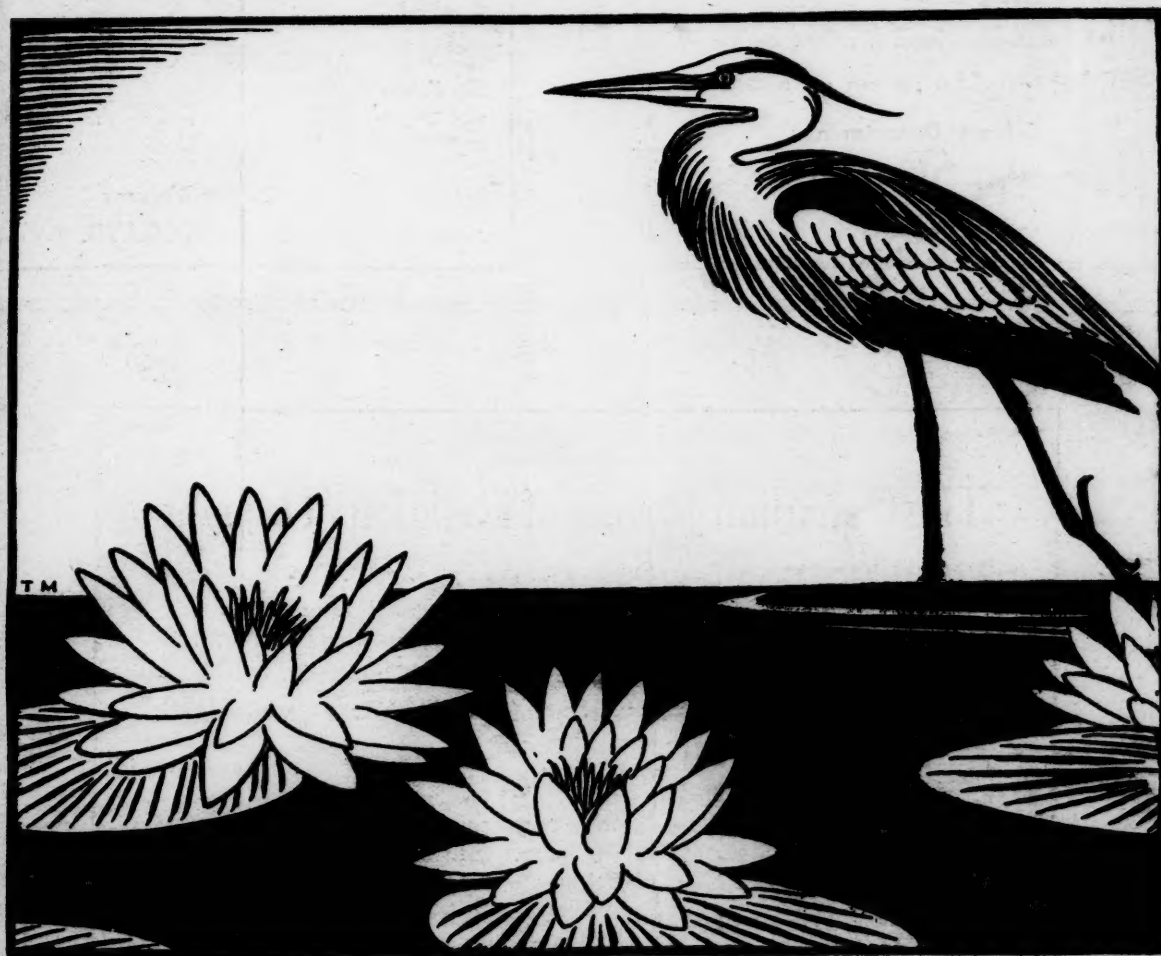


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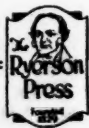


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CO-OPERATION

HIS Excellency the Governor-General, in his message to the Canadian people on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, urged that 'Co-operation' should be adopted as the national watchword of the Dominion. When the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, premier of Saskatchewan, recently addressed the people of that province he declared that 'Saskatchewan has shown its belief in co-operation, which is to-day the guiding principle in all its major activities', and there is evidence that this principle is gaining ground in Canada, particularly in the Western provinces. There are indications that it will in the future play a large part in moulding our political institutions, in bringing about adjustments in our economic organization, and in creating a new attitude in the mind of the general public which may have a profound effect upon our social relations. One of the leaders of the movement on this continent has said 'co-operative marketing is not merely a way of making money, it is a way of facing life', and there is no doubt that to many of its exponents the principle of co-operation has the moral force of a new religion. The wide measure of success which has attended the operation of the wheat pools and other agricultural trading agencies has given great impetus to the movement, has lifted it out of the realms of speculation

and idealism and placed it in the field of practical politics. However, it would be unwise to assume that all the people who now extol its merits accept the same interpretation of the term as the original founders of the co-operative societies. By many of our practical statesmen it is frequently used as a vague altruistic expression, a mere rhetorical flourish which does not commit the speaker to any definite principle or course of action. But to many of those working in the cause it means something more than a fraternal gesture. They see in it the means to a finer and more kindly civilization—the substitution of co-operation for competition as the ruling motive of mankind.

MISS JUBILEE CANADA

THE scientist who discovered the cause of our recent cold and rainy weather in the gay hand-painted, red, yellow, blue and peach-bloom waterproofs of our young people, will be able to account for the sudden appearance of summer by the fact that Miss Canada possesses a variety of sleeveless and otherwise abbreviated and becoming dresses which she simply *had* to wear. Perhaps even a staid frequenter of THE FORUM may be allowed to say that he is glad Miss Canada has her appropriate summer opportunity. He finds it often impressed upon him that this Miss Jubilee Canada is a most

presentable and shapely person. She was a plump and promising infant at her Confederation christening, but her tutelary 'fathers' would hardly know their handsome ward now. They might also disagree about her more than ever. Perhaps Sir John would gallantly approve her, but Mr. Brown would probably think her bold and uncomfortably evident. Such a pair of taper bare arms should not work on 'The Globe', let alone play a church organ, and as for those 'limbs'—to the circus ring with them! But it is likely that Miss Jubilee would reconcile them in time, and the 'fathers' would realize that they had builded better than they knew. Let Athena, Britannia and Columbia beware; there is a Canadian lass who can compete with any of them in beauty, grace and charm. Watch her at work or at play in city, coast, prairie township or mountain—she is upright and friendly and very easy to look at. Long life and dominion to her.

BROTHERS AND PATRIOTS

THE tragic death of Kevin O'Higgins, characteristically shot down on a quiet Sunday morning on his way to the worship of the great Teacher of Brotherhood, vividly shows the need for a spiritual regeneration in Ireland and 'malice towards none' as the ideal of a free state, be it Republican or Monarchist. A patriotism that alternates between execution and assassination is blind to brotherhood, the end of all good government. These hard, melancholy, imaginative, witty but humourless Irish, who serve duty fanatically, like a voodoo fetish, for or against the law, have yet to find their souls. Surely Erin does not require these savageries of her children. She has sweeter dreams of liberty among her misty hills, and the Teacher of Brotherhood encourages neither gunman nor executioner. Now, as when Carlyle said it, it would seem that the remedy for the troubles of Ireland is that 'Irishmen should cease from so generally following the devil', and it matters little whether they follow him legally or 'on the run'.

CANADIAN IDEALS

THE dramatic and beautiful Jubilee Pageant on the streets of Toronto suggested at least one thought about a Canadian ideal—that none of us need be afraid of holding too great an ideal for our country. The crowd, the varied tableaux of the pageant, the brilliant weather, the city setting, all combined to justify old ideals and strengthen new ones. Not a 'Father' but would have found his dream outdone that day, not an opponent but would have seen the blindness of his action. We are all potential 'Fathers of Confederation'—a confederation beginning within ourselves and extending to the world through home and country. Each of us has the

problem of confederating his abilities, so as to be and live his best, and to advance the same ideal for his fellows. The pageant suggested the beauty of our historic past, and the fact that Canadian ability and idealism planned and presented it, suggests some of the romantic possibilities of our present. We will undoubtedly develop a wider confederation between the arts and our people, and buildings will be decorated, a literature written, and a music composed out of this larger spirit. Canada did not whisper her last ideal to the 'Fathers'. There are beautiful 'confederations' untold. And after sitting on a verandah in a quiet street, listening to the carillon chiming 'O Canada', radio-borne from the Peace Tower, 300 miles away, while the robin runs on the lawn, and the bee works in the larkspur, one naturally has daydreams about them.

WORLD EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

THIS is a period of daily marvels. The lone airman winging his flight through fog and cloud over the vast expanse of the Atlantic wins the applause of an expectant world. The sound of his voice thrills his mother four thousand miles away. Soon the whole world will be linked up by air routes and radio broadcasts till it becomes one great parish. It is fitting that in such a throbbing world the educational leaders of all countries be brought together for conference and personal acquaintance. Nothing keeps people and nations apart more than ignorance and suspicion. Nothing drives out ignorance and suspicion better than acquaintance and frank discussion. After the heated argument, there may come—and it usually does—a sense of agreement, a realization that much of the difference between us is a matter of words, and that essentially we are striving for the same ideal. Our mental processes are different; it is hard for us to realize how the other nation or person fails to see that our methods are the better; but second thought, based upon our meetings together, teaches us patience, and breadth of view, and sympathy, three great factors in mutual understanding and goodwill.

THE Second Biennial Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations which is to meet in Toronto, August 7-13, is a great example of just such a meeting of world-wide influence. Bringing together the educational leaders of fifty nations, giving them a week of discussions on the vital educational topics of the day, compelling them to see the other man's point of view, cannot fail to leave a lasting impression. The social features, dinners, garden parties, concerts, drives, excursions, are of the highest importance in developing personal friendships. The great Pageant, 'The Heart of the World', symbolizing the mission of education in transforming the world from savagery to culture, a wonderful

mingling of colour, rhythm and music, will drive home the message of the vital issues bound up in the teaching of the child. Of the highest value in this Conference is the setting of it all, the University of Toronto, with its noble buildings and beautiful campus, and spacious accommodation, set in the heart of the city, yet apart from the rush in its seclusion. This institution has just witnessed one of the most successful meetings of the American Library Association, and is, this fall, to see the graduates and friends of the University from all over the world assemble to honour its centenary. Librarians, teachers, doctors, scientists, graduates, all come within its spell and all depart with a sense of personal pride and pleasure in this University. THE CANADIAN FORUM welcomes this World Conference on Education to Canada. It counts its meeting here, along with that of the American Library Association, and other international and world-wide conferences, as an honour and privilege for Canada. Our welcome and our hospitality will be extended generously with the hope that our visitors may find in us a people willing to serve other peoples, as far as we may, in promoting the goodwill of the world.

THE CONQUEST OF WAR

A DAY or two ago a despatch of the Associated Press told the world that an American professor, speaking before a scientific institute, advocated the bombarding of a city with tear gas to demonstrate to the public the humanity and effectiveness of gas warfare. The idea of a humane, well-regulated gas war is not new, but the professor planted himself on the front page by his happy thought of advocating a popular demonstration on a full-sized scale; and no doubt the fathers of some American city which is not getting its fair share of publicity will place their forgotten town on tomorrow's map by offering it wholesale for demonstration purposes. It may, however, be pointed out to the good people who believe war can be regulated that they need not bother with so nasty a thing as gas at all: their purpose could be achieved by securing international agreements that shells shall be charged with buckwheat instead of shrapnel, that rifle bullets shall be made of rubber, and that all other weapons and missiles whatsoever shall be considered brutal and ruled out of the game.

It is a relief to turn from the inanities of those who believe that war can be sublimated, to the writings of those who recognize that war, once started, is uncontrollable, that its horror increases with every advance of science, and that unless we conquer it we shall perish. On these points Professor McDougall, whose *Janus* is the latest book on the subject,* has no

illusions at all. He writes in the right spirit and these are the first words of his book:—

In the year 1914 two men, the one a Frenchman, the other a German, met face to face. Both were highly educated sensitive men, cultivated citizens of the world. Both carried arms. The Frenchman had the better luck and plunged his bayonet into the belly of the German. The German stood erect and, holding in both hands his bleeding bowels as they gushed out through the gaping wound, said in excellent French, "See what you have done to me."

Let the reader try to imagine this incident repeated a million times, says Mr. McDougall, and he 'will have some faint and inadequate conception of the horrors of war'.

If it is possible, that does not go far enough. If such incidents of battle are horrible, they are still the result of human strife, man to man, which has always its accompanying evidences of magnanimity and self-sacrifice. But in the Great War human contact was already being eliminated, and the majority of those who died were killed by an unseen enemy. In the next war—the great air war—this development will be complete; the long-suffering soldier will have the last humiliation of being hit and broken from above like a slum cat in a courtyard, while the industrial masses will be strangled by gas in their humming cities just as the bees in a hive are smoked to death by a master they have ignored.

Not so many years ago Edward Carpenter likened our industrialized civilization to a disease through all the stages of which mankind must pass before it emerges to a healthy life; but our frightful advances in destructive power now make us wonder whether the disease may not prove fatal. Mr. McDougall holds that 'the world is sick with a terrible intermittent fever' and he believes that the next bout may finish us off. Living in one of the periods of intermission, and perhaps the last one, it is for this generation to discover the cause of the fever and evolve a remedy.

Mr. McDougall is correct, we feel sure, in his diagnosis of the fever as being primarily psychological and having its roots in fear. For no one with common sense believes that large masses of men, the majorities of whole nations, are impelled to go to war for the mere love of fighting or lust of conquest. Nor can we accept the economists' theory that the main cause of war lies in economic imperialism. True, governments have often made war for economic advantages, but in modern times they have only been able to do so by convincing their people that they stood in danger of aggression from the power it was intended to fight. If this fear of aggression was lifted from the heart of the average man—if some well-proved power other than his own and his fellows' strength guaranteed his country's safety as his police force guarantees his personal safety—he would not have war at any price. Among those in authority in every nation, those who control the armies and navies, there are undoubtedly many who worship Mars; but it is

**JANUS: THE CONQUEST OF WAR*, by William McDougall (Today and Tomorrow Series; Kegan Paul; pp. 140; 2/6).

to the God of the Gates, Janus the two-headed, that the people offer up their perennial sacrifices of money and men. And the two-faced creature betrays them every time.

The workings of this fear of aggression and the methods by which it is exploited are clearly shown in the world to-day. One of the happier consequences of the Great War has been the movement towards a United Europe. But this ideal has unfortunately enlisted the sympathies of many who see in its realization the only security against the fancied threat of an aggressive America, and that fear is now being deliberately worked upon to further the All-European movement. What will be the outcome of the fine dream of a *Europa Communis* if it comes true, through the operation of that fear, and a United States of Europe bristling with the most terrible weapons glowers across a narrowed Atlantic at a United States of America armed to the teeth? The manner in which this fear is stimulated by those in authority is well illustrated by an incident which marred the homecoming of the man who narrowed the Atlantic, the world's hero, Lindbergh. For three weeks this engaging youth had made the world forget its disorders, but the day he reached Washington he was seized upon by the war-mongers, and on the morrow his syndicated message to his millions of readers was that to ensure peace a nation must prepare for war and that what America needs most is a bigger and better air force.

If the developments of aeronautics have garnished war with the supreme horrors, they also offer a means to conquer it. Mr. McDougall's thesis is that war can only be prevented by an international police force, and that while the original plan of some of the League's founders to have international land and sea forces was impracticable, the latest air developments now make it possible to organize an international air force that will ensure national security and enforce the findings of a competent World Court of Justice. This is in effect to carry out the idea of Theodore Roosevelt: 'What is needed in international matters is to create a judge and then to put police power back of the judge.'

Mr. McDougall's main contention is sound, and the clarity and vigour of his argument against all counter proposals for war prevention make his little book a pleasure to read. But when he proceeds to outline his own plan he shows some of the very weaknesses of the amiable souls who believe that war can be regulated and made safe for democracy. He proposes that the members of the League shall at the same time create this international police force of fast fighting planes and also agree to restrict their commercial air fleets to machines with a speed of only a hundred miles an hour, so that no national force could ever challenge the supremacy of the world police. Now the nations might conceivably agree to an internation-

al air police, but they will never agree to the limitation of their commercial transport in any way, shape, or form. If aeroplanes are developed that will go five hundred miles an hour, we shall all insist on using them: if a time comes when the world can be encircled in a day, we shall all demand the right to make the dizzy round of that preposterous Grand Tour. Human nature is dynamic: every extension of its power must be directed but none can be limited. The League of Nations can no more limit our exploitation of the air than it would have been able through the proposed Geneva Protocol to limit the expansion of nations by making their present frontiers final. The League itself must develop or die. If ever we get an international air force, its paramountcy must be based on reality, not artifice; it will have to be a constantly developing and futuristically efficient organization, commanding the best in science and research, always one jump ahead of any national development, always ready to meet all comers, and so supremely deadly, swift, and terrible that we can boast of it in messages to Mars. Mr. McDougall, as a psychologist, must agree to that.

But there is another point which is not adequately dealt with by Mr. McDougall or by other writers on this matter. The gravest objection to the idea of a League army and navy composed of various nationals also holds good against an international air force so composed. The mere fact that its numbers need be less does not obviate the cardinal difficulty, which is that if ever war should break out between two nations or groups of nations the police force of the League might be disrupted or paralysed by the national loyalties of its personnel.

It seems clear to me that if ever we are to have an international police force it must of necessity be composed of true world citizens, men without a country. Amongst its other activities the League of Nations should lose no time in raising a healthy crop of such individuals. The idea offers no difficulties at all. As things are now, every civilized nation is raising in admirable orphanages thousands of boys who have lost their parents or been otherwise set adrift in infancy. They are fed, clothed, trained, and finally established in life at the public or philanthropic expense. Why should not the League be given its pick of these infants in future and bring them up in an international institution, the expense to be defrayed by fair contributions from the member nations? The babies would be selected under the age of two years and pooled, no record whatever being kept of their origin or country. They would be selected by an international travelling board of expert doctors and psychologists, and they would be brought up in a well-chosen international area, trained from the beginning as world citizens by internationally-minded teachers, technically instructed by the best scientists, and finally drafted into the international police force or into whatever other branch of the expanding League

they seemed most fit for. We need not go as far as Bertrand Russell in our belief as to the preponderance of education in human development to be assured that babies so selected and educated would average very high in their adult intelligence and character. And they would become true world citizens, for they would not know what nation gave them birth.

It will probably be a good many years before the nations are persuaded to have an international air police. In the meantime is it too much to hope that the League may be persuaded to try the experiment of breeding world citizens along the line suggested? The cost would be comparatively small, the experiment

would catch the imagination of all League supporters and yield most interesting and valuable results. Twenty years from now the League's necessary staff for its varied activities will be enormous and could absorb all the graduates that such a world school would put out. It would be only fitting that our international organization should be staffed by world citizens; the school would expand as its advantages were recognized; and when a world police force is eventually accepted by the nations, the right stuff for its personnel would be available.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAM BLAKE 1757-1827

BY H. J. DAVIS

ON the 12th of August, 1827, died William Blake, engraver and poet, prophet and saint. He died as he had lived in poverty and comparative obscurity, leaving a mass of drawings and designs, lyrical and prophetic writings, known only to a small group of friends and fellow-artists, but he was confident that posterity would recognize his work as true and inspired art. He only made one definite approach to the public, when in May 1809, after having long tried in vain to get his work exhibited in the Royal Academy or the British Institution, he arranged a private exhibition at his home in London,—No. 28 Broad Street—and appealed to 'the noblemen and gentlemen patrons of those institutions to inspect what they have excluded; and those who have been told that my works are but an unscientific and irregular Eccentricity, a Madman's Scrawls, I demand of them no do me the justice to examine before they decide.' And when this failed he wrote again in his characteristic fashion in a fresh Advertisement, Sept.: 1809; 'I demand therefore of the Amateurs of art the Encouragement which is my due; if they continue to refuse, theirs is the loss, not mine, and theirs is the Contempt of Posterity. I have Enough in the Approbation of fellow labourers; this is my glory and exceeding great reward. I go on and nothing can hinder my course:

'and in Melodious accent I

Will sit me down and Cry I, I'.

Now, a century after his death, if we ask what is the opinion of the 'Amateurs of Art' and the artists and poets and professional critics of art and literature, they would probably all assent unhesitatingly and with conviction to the judgment of Professor Grierson—'If there is in our literature an *inspired* poet and painter, it is Blake.' And 'if he achieved little that was perfect, he brought back that priceless and essential quality—Imagination—into both poetry and art; and the little that is best is beyond all praise.'

That is to say that Blake's own opinion of the value of his work as a poet and a painter has been

justified by posterity, at least in the two points he most constantly emphasized. My work—he said—is 'visionary and imaginative; it is an endeavour to restore what the Ancients called the Golden Age.' And again, 'Inspiration and Vision was and now is, and I hope will always remain my Element, my Eternal Dwelling place. . . . The man who in examining his own Mind finds nothing of Inspiration ought not to dare to be an artist.'

It is still difficult completely to understand how it was possible that Blake, whose genius was the fullest and most striking embodiment of the new ideals of the age, and the most violent protest against the philosophy of Newton and Locke, and the art of Pope and Johnson and Reynolds, should not have become a recognized leader of the poets and artists of the new century. It cannot have been merely because he was an eccentric and a recluse, or even because he was a visionary and a saint. It was of course largely due to the peculiar manner in which he produced his work. Of his writings only the *Poetical Sketches* were printed (a very small private edition) in ordinary book form. The rest were all engraved, both text and illustrations, by himself, and the copies afterwards coloured by his own hand. And many fragments were left in MS.

And although many of his ordinary engravings which were done as illustrations to well-known books like Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grave*, must have been fairly widely circulated, his most original work as a painter was left in the hands of a few friends, and not even John Linnell nor Flaxman could persuade the public to take any notice of it.

Thus it was not until 1863, when Alexander Gilchrist's *Life and Works of William Blake* was published, that a selection of the poems and engravings and letters were made for the first time accessible. Thirty years later Quaritch published *The Works of William Blake—Poetic, Symbolic, and Critical*, edited by Ellis and Yeats; and here appeared for the first

time the so-called Prophetic Writings, and an attempted interpretation of them. Perhaps the only other really important contribution made by the 19th century was Swinburne's *Critical Essay* in 1863.

In the last twenty years however this neglect has been much remedied; there have been many additions of the Lyrical Poems, critical essays and expositions, but it was not until 1925 that the Nonesuch Press gave us a complete and beautiful edition of the *Writings of William Blake*, edited by Geoffrey Keynes. What is perhaps even more significant of the increased interest in Blake is the appearance of popular editions of his work this year in the Everyman's series and in the World's Classics. The Everyman volume provides in a pleasant form a reliable text of all the important writings of Blake, and thus at last the Prophetic Writings are easily obtainable. The editor evidently expects to find a popular audience for them, for he offers us at the same time an *Introduction to the study of Blake*,* evidently intended to encourage the many who are inclined to give way before the difficulties they present. The book is the outcome of an admirable intention, and it was undertaken with diffidence and humility; but it is a pity that it is limited to a pleading of the cause of the 'Prophetic Books'. I question whether this is ever worth while. For those who do not know Blake's work well, there are so many other safer ways to approach him; and when he has once been reached, we are best left alone with him, without being distracted by even the enthusiasm and admiration of others.

If we wish to know Blake thoroughly, and to enter into his experiences as prophet and saint, and to hear the gospel which he felt inspired to preach, we must not put aside any of his work, even the most difficult. But yet on the other hand, I do not think that it can be said that there is in it a definite unity—the unity either of a gradual progressive development or of an organic growth, first the seed, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear—and that therefore it is essential if we would understand it at all to know the whole. He himself did not think so. As an old man looking back on his work of thirty years before, he found it equally ripe—and he says in his notes to Reynolds's Discourses: 'Man brings All that he has or Can Have, Into the World with him. Man is born like a Garden ready Planted and Sown, This World is too poor to produce one Seed.' That is to say, everything of value comes of inspiration and of inspiration only, and early or late is just the same.

The *Poetical Sketches* alone—the work of his earliest youth—may be regarded as apprentice work;

already in the *Songs of Innocence and Experience* the poet appears fully clothed in all his strength and beauty. And it is worth while remembering that Blake continued until the end of his life to engrave and embellish with ever more elaborate colours and design copies of these poems, whereas the *Poetical Sketches* (which any man might have been proud of as a proof of his precocious genius), having no longer any vital interest for him, were entirely put aside and deliberately excluded from the catalogue of his works which he made in 1793.

But he well knew the value of his Songs, even if he did not expressly make the same claims for their verbal inspiration as for the Prophetic Books. And there can be little question that these short lyrics are his most perfect work. Like Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth, and I think like Tennyson and Browning too, it was not in the longer and more ambitious works of his later years that he made his finest contribution to English poetry. But they are not only of the first importance from the point of literary history; they are the very finest flower of those qualities which Blake himself insisted on as most significant in his art. For they are essentially 'visionary and imaginative', they are the very music of the Golden Age.

Did ever any poet in any age describe his calling more artlessly, more spontaneously, more musically, more confidently than this?

Piping down the valley wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:
'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry chear.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.
'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of haypp chear:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.
'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

And yet it is not enough for him to sing and write. In the days when he had gone to Mrs. Matthew's parties, it is said that he would read or sing his verses to 'singularly beautiful' airs of his own composition. But he was an artist, as much, if not more, than a poet, and he was not satisfied until he had discovered

*AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE, by Max Plowman, Dent. xv. and 183 pages, \$1.50.

THE POEMS AND PROPHECIES OF WILLIAM BLAKE, edited by Max Plowman. Dent. xxxii and 439 pages, .55 and .75.
SELECTED POEMS, OF WILLIAM BLAKE, World's Classics, Clarendon Press (in preparation).

a method of exercising his gifts together. And although the music of his lyrics is so exquisite, it is not enough to hear his poetry—it must also be seen. Blake was a visionary—he painted and wrote what he saw. When he was called to the office of a poet, he did not hear the voice of one speaking with him, he saw a child on a cloud laughing. And neither song nor speech was expressive enough for him to give form to the vision he had seen; he must engrave with his own hand the words of his song and then fill the page with clearly designed and delicately coloured pictures, so that none of its beauty might be lost.

And so in spite of all the various editions of his work that have recently appeared, the real work of publishing Blake has not yet begun. For it is necessary to reproduce as perfectly as possible these coloured engravings—and even that would be merely to give us copies to study. He can only be fully and adequately enjoyed—like those great artists whose names were always on his lips, amongst whom he felt he belonged,—Dürer and Raphael and Michael Angelo—by such as are willing to make a pilgrimage to those shrines containing his originals. It is only then, when we have these engravings in our hands with their beautiful flowing lines and pure colour, that we are likely to discover Blake's secret—the paradox that explains so much in his work and in its reception.

For here we discover one who is a dreamer, a visionary—but his gaze is not fixed longingly on a distant land of enchantment, vague, illusory, remote. His clear eyes are fixed upon what he sees immediately before him, and he handles it and measures it with sure confidence, and he draws it carefully, exactly in form and colour. He is the prophet of imagination; but he is no romanticist, for he hates blurred outline or a dim mysterious light. In all art he demands complete mastery of form—something finished and tangible, not merely suggestively symbolical. He once wrote: 'I have heard many people say: Give me the ideas. It is no matter what words you put them into,' and others say: 'Give me the design, it is no matter for the execution. These people know enough of artifice, but nothing of art. Ideas cannot be given but in their minutely appropriate words, nor can a design be made without its minutely appropriate execution.' He may be called a symbolist, or an expressionist, but he always insisted that good drawing and firm outline was an essential of all good art. 'The man who asserts that there is no such thing as softness in art, and that everything in art is definite and determinate, has not been told this by practise but by inspiration and vision; because vision is determinate and perfect, and he copies that without fatigue. Everything being definite and determinate.'

Where can be the difficulty then in understanding Blake's designs or his poetry? It is never due to bad technique, nor to incomplete and vague expression. It

is due to one thing only. Blake lived in another world, a world of strange beauty and terror, under the dominion of principalities and powers which we do not recognize. Sometimes he is himself conscious of the gulf which he thus placed between himself and others, and feels himself cut off from ordinary sympathy and understanding, and he cries out with grim humour:

'Oh, why was I born wit ha different face?'

But more often he is proud, and rejoices in his eagle flight, spurning the ways of other men, as in that splendid passage, which perhaps better than all that could be said throws light upon his whole work.

'I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action; it is as the dirt upon my feet, no part of me. "What," it will be questioned, "when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a guinea?" Oh, no, no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host cry: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!" I question not my corporeal or vegetative eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it.'

Only those who have something of his spirit can follow him far—and they are not many. But for the earth-dwellers, too, there are moments when they are disturbed by the sound of his chariot wheels and look up from their labours to catch the gleam of his bow of burning gold and the flash of his arrows of desire.

THE FOREST WIFE

1833.

There are no men and women in the world,

No world itself, no towns, no ships, no sea,
No silver England—but this clearing whirled
In snow and stinging wind eternally.

Only this cabin with its weedy space

Of ragged earth, the sod-roofed sheds—this small
Pretence of livelihood that like a face
Out of a pit stares upward at the wall—

The black wall of the trees, snow-sodden, bare,

Laced close as steel to keep our hopes afar
Leaving us only rain and shivering air
And morning mist and one pale solemn star.

Martin and I together in this well

Crouch by the chimney where the faggot leers
And gutters in the wind. We make no sound,
He dumb with weariness and I with tears.

I see the bay at home set in the frail,

Keen gold of daffodils; the sea-pinks blow
Like fire in the bleached grass—oh, the winds wail
Like a trapped coney—and the fire is low.

MARY QUAYLE INNIS.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION DESIRABLE

By W. C. GOOD

MR. SOULSBY'S article in *THE CANADIAN FORUM* for April, criticising 'P. R.', must not go unchallenged and unanswered. Let us examine his argument.

'It is assumed', he says, 'that the purest ideal of democracy is a legislative body which is a faithful arithmetical epitome of the balance of opinion in the electorate.' I should say that no thoughtful person assumes anything of the sort. The purpose, the aim, and in one sense the ideal, of democracy, is to develop a high type of humanity, to build up character. The philosophy of democracy has been concisely and eloquently stated by the late President Eliot of Harvard, when speaking of Carl Schurz:—'He saw clearly that political freedom means freedom to be feeble, foolish, and sinful in public affairs, as well as freedom to be strong, wise and good. He saw that the object of political freedom is to develop character in millions of free men, through the suffering which follows mistakes and crimes, and through the satisfaction and improvement which follows on public wisdom and righteousness.'

Democracy is self-government, instead of government by others, and there is a world of wisdom in the saying that 'self-government is better than good government'; from the standpoint of ultimately obtaining good government. A representative assembly is only one method of working out the democratic idea. Nor is it even the ideal method. The nearest thing to the ideal method is the town-meeting, where all citizens assemble to discuss and decide their joint affairs. Here only are conditions distinctly favourable for the development of the 'composite idea', through the action of mind on mind. And majority rule, which Mr. Soulsby also styles a 'democratic ideal', is simply the commonsense rule which, combined with freedom of speech, will alone maintain social harmony and solidarity. A representative assembly is obviously a makeshift, a substitute, a second best method, of recognising and making effective the 'will of the majority'; a method suggested and justified by the insuperable practical difficulties of applying the 'town-meeting' idea in a large territory. The representative system has advantages, but it has also several inherent weaknesses whose existence justifies the growth of Direct Legislation through the Initiative and the Referendum. This latter system, as worked out, for example, in Switzerland and in Oregon, has much to commend it from the standpoint of democracy. I do not say that it is generally feasible, particularly where a complicated question requiring exhaustive and detailed investigation must be dealt with. But in all cases where a question has

been before the public for some time, where every reasonably intelligent citizen has the opportunity of becoming well informed, and where questions of general public policy are concerned, this method is a wise one. In other matters the representative system, properly operated, has distinct advantages.

It will be evident, then, how far astray is Mr. Soulsby in his statement that 'the purest ideal of democracy is a legislative body, etc., etc.'. But, admitting that a representative assembly, if not an ideal of democracy, is at least a useful method of working out that ideal, is its usefulness in any way dependent on its representative character? Mr. Soulsby says No; except, I suppose, as such assembly may register its approval of one or other of the rival political parties who contend for office. 'The surest control which democracy can hope to exercise over government', says Mr. Soulsby, 'is provided by the instinct which prompts politicians to aspire to and continue in office', having 'continually an ear to the ground'. Such, baldly stated, is Mr. Soulsby's ideal method of making effective the will of the majority; the electors may choose as ruler for a stated period one or other of two rival groups of more or less professional politicians. Now, I have seen this method in operation, close up; and I venture to assert that in practice it is neither self-government — government 'of, by and for the people'—nor does it in any way guarantee that the will of the majority shall prevail. In the first place, under what Mr. Soulsby calls our 'simple election system' there is no guarantee that a majority in the legislative body will represent a majority of the popular vote. Not infrequently it represents a minority; and therefore under such conditions *minority rule* is the obvious thing. In this connection, Mr. Soulsby should study the principles and practice of 'gerrymandering'. In the second place, assuming that the will of the majority ought to prevail, as to which Mr. Soulsby and I are in agreement, is it sufficient that the will of the majority should prevail with respect only to which of two rival political oligarchies is 'in power'? Emphatically no. The will of the majority should be law *with respect to every specific question of legislation*; and that is an entirely different matter from whether or not Grits or Tories are 'in power'. To make the will of the majority effective in specific matters two methods are available. First, Direct Legislation through the Initiative and the Referendum; and secondly free and untrammelled consideration of every specific question of legislation on its merits by a legislative body which is really representative. An unrepresentative legislature cannot function democratically; nor can one

acting under the duress of party exigencies and interests. It is difficult for those unfamiliar with the actual working out of party government to believe how frequently and how seriously party interests and party loyalty interfere with the consideration of questions 'on their merits'. And thirdly, with respect to the personnel of the 'administration' which is 'in power'. What assurance have we under the Party System that good administrators may be retained in office? None whatever. Good and bad go out of office together when an 'administration' is 'defeated'. With respect, therefore, to the composition of legislative bodies under what Mr. Soulsby is pleased to call 'a simple election system'; with respect to the many ways in which the Party System interferes with their operation as deliberative assemblies and thus prevents the will of the majority from prevailing; and with respect to the retention in the service of the State of capable administrators, our present methods lamentably fail to realize democratic ideals.

Then again there are other considerations. A party organisation which is given a 'lease of power' or a 'mandate' by the electors surely ought not to be embarrassed by fickle, independent, or selfish 'supporters'. The latter should function as nearly as possible like rubber stamps: why not? The two parties, 'aspiring to seek or continue in office and with their ears to the ground' can surely be trusted to do what the majority of the electors favour! Why send members to the legislature at all? It would be cheaper to poll the vote of each constituency for Grit and Tory parties and send a certificate supporting one or the other. But perhaps the 'administration' needs to have the benefit of the advice of private members, to tell them how the winds of public opinion are blowing. Perhaps one hundred 'ears to the ground' are better than fifteen. But when the Government has announced its policy it is the duty of every loyal 'supporter' to swallow his own convictions and obey: otherwise he is undemocratically interfering with the Government in carrying out its 'mandate'! And what about 'pork-barrel favours'? No private member should seek any special favours for himself or his constituency as the price of his 'support'. Alas! Party solidarity may be plausibly defended, but nevertheless it serves as a cloak for a multitude of nefarious things and doings.

If we are to rely upon minorities to make Parliament respect public opinion, for my part I would rather depend upon the 'insignificant number of independent candidates' who, Mr. Soulsby thinks, might be elected under 'P. R.' by the 'marginal vote'. They would have some power to make Parliament recognise public opinion, the same power in Parliament which Mr. Soulsby says resides in the 'marginal minority of unattached votes' in the constituencies.

Then, too, are not M.P.'s and prospective M.P.'s under a 'P. R.' system called upon to keep their ears to the ground, if they wish to secure or retain their positions? Can they afford to flout public opinion in their constituencies (groups of voters) any better than those who contest elections under the 'simple system' (in geographical constituencies)? A 'safe seat' will in the former case depend upon securing a desired *quota*, as in the latter case upon securing a majority of the votes cast. There is nothing in the 'P. R.' system to render candidates insensitive to public opinion.

But there is another side to this question of having one's ear to the ground. The recent customs inquiry has revealed something of campaign funds, something which, in a general way, has been well known for years. These huge funds, often given impartially to replenish the war chests of both parties, are for the purchase of special favours, for securing the passage of anti-social legislation or its equivalent. Are they effective? Surely they are, or they would not continue to be given. Political parties, therefore, sometimes have their 'ear to the ground' to see how far it is safe to make the will of the majority *ineffective*. Mr. Soulsby relies upon the 'marginal majority of unattached votes which represent the turnover in any election'. Public opinion operates through these, he says. How does he know that campaign funds do not operate through a goodly number of them. There is the 'unattached voter' who acts as a judge between the parties; there is also the unattached voter who may be hoodwinked or bought. Among the unattached voters one finds the highest and also the lowest type of citizen. And then what of the shockingly large numbers of our citizens who do not vote at all? Take Toronto for an example. How far could this condition be remedied by giving minority voters a reasonable chance to have their votes count for something?

As to bye-elections in multi-member constituencies, what injustice would be done if the 'next in order' filled a vacancy? What great harm indeed if a new election should be held in the whole constituency? Mr. Soulsby looks upon bye-elections as a most valuable political barometer. They are of some value in this respect if the 'turnover' represents intelligent public opinion at large, and if the minority are not hoodwinked and corrupted by rhetorical assaults and huge campaign funds. But a much better 'instrument democracy possesses of bludgeoning governments into consciousness of changes of opinion' lies in the properly designed *recall*, which enables the electors to retain a continuous check upon their representatives.

Further, Mr. Soulsby is of the opinion that 'P. R.' favours the growth and survival of groups in politics, and points with indignation to the sorry spectacle at Ottawa after the elections of 1925. In this connec-

tion I should like to remind Mr. Soulsby of several things:—

(1) That much more and worse 'bargaining and negotiating, takes place *secretly* within and between the parties under the party system than took place *openly* during the sessions of 1926. In this matter Mr. Soulsby seems to have got his information (and misinformation) from the Toronto dailies.

(2) That everywhere groups emerge and survive without 'P. R.', the advantage of the latter being to give groups correct representation.

(3) That the admittedly regrettable features of the 1926 session were due, not to group government—of which there was none—but to the effort to operate party government under adverse conditions, i.e., with two minority parties striving for office and prepared to make almost any concession in order to retain or secure power.

The Toronto Press has a conception of group government absurdly wide of the mark, and Mr. Soulsby seems to have fallen victim to the same error. The fact is, the idea of group government has yet to be worked out, and therefore no very

definite, positive description of it can be given. But whatever it may prove to be, in concrete detail, it is quite evident that *it is not party government by a minority group, when three or more groups are present*. It is wholly foreign to the conception and practice of rival parties contending for a 'mandate' or a 'lease of power'; it will make the 'administration' the executive committee of the deliberative representative assembly; and it will conserve and make effective the real advantages of 'P. R.' It is an inevitable and logical step in our political evolution, in harmony with the newer ideals of co-operation.

Mr. Soulsby's final suggestion that our Senate might be elected by 'P. R.' is good evidence that even he recognises many of the defects and abuses attending our present system. If he could once get rid of his party government coloured spectacles, he would see that many of his objections to 'P. R.' fall to the ground, or are otherwise dealt with; and that electoral reform is but one of the several new political machines which are destined to be as great an improvement over present methods as is the grain binder over the old grain cradle.

THE GOLDEN-AGE

By C. F. LLOYD

THE sun was hot, there could be no mistake about that, and the grassy corner of the snake-fence under the shade of the big maple on top of the long hill was cool, there could be no mistake about that either. Somewhere near, a locust made a sound like a small buzz-saw. When you hear a locust the weather is really hot: that is an axiom in natural history quite as good as any of Euclid's in another connection. It was the tenth of July, ever so long ago. Looking up through the murmurous green foliage of the big maple, flecked with wandering gleams of gold, one saw a sky of an intense, pure blue, one of nature's loveliest tints, somehow suggestive of infinite peace, purity, and duration. Primitive man probably caught his first vision of eternal life through lying on his back, on a summer day, under a big tree, and looking up through the branches at the sky.

Twelve-year-old Tommy Cole lay on the grass beneath the big maple, his head pillowed on his jacket which a careful mother had insisted he take to the field, lest it should come on to rain. Much Tommy cared for rain; he revelled in it and was rather happier when soaking wet and covered with mud than at any other time. As he lay under the big tree that hot July morning he was not looking up at the sky, he knew as much about eternal life as a pointer pup does about calculus, and he was not thinking about peace, purity or duration. His eyes were wide open and

fixed upon the pages of a battered, dog's-eared book which he grasped firmly in his small, brown hands. His eyes, by the way, were as blue as the sky above him and his fair, short, curly hair was dark with sweat and caked with dust. Beside him on the grass lay a hoe. From time to time he twiddled his toes which were bare, or energetically rubbed the calf of one plump leg with the sole of a foot which six weeks of running hither and yon over chips, gravel, hard-baked ruts, and stones had toughened to the texture of leather.

At intervals Tommy turned the pages of his book. His eyes greedily devoured every word. To graces of style he was quite as oblivious as to the sights and sounds around him, the voices of the myriad of children of midsummer. Who the author was and whether he wrote well or ill were matters of no moment to Tommy. The story engrossed him. It was all about a boy, a remarkable boy. Turning a page Tommy's eye lighted instantly upon the following passage.

'I was powerful lazy and comfortable,—didn't want to get up and cook breakfast.'

Something in the book satisfied something deep and elemental in the soul of the reader. He read and read. The hours passed slowly. The sun mounted higher, became even hotter. The locust's buzz grew louder, taking on a stinging quality as though it were the voice of heat itself. The unhoed rows of corn stretched

away across the long field, an interminable distance, to the edge of the distant swamp, downhill all the way. From beyond the fence at the far end a cow-bell tinkled. Not a cloud was in sight within the circle of the horizon. Even the weeds wilted beneath the direct rays of the fierce sun. The blade of the hoe, which remained just beyond the protecting circle of shade cast by the great tree, became a thin plate of burning metal. The birds fell silent. Ten o'clock came and went and still Tommy read on. He had even ceased to twiddle his toes. Buck Graingerford was a wonderful boy. How jolly a feud must be.

'Ho, Tommy. Ho, Tom. Dog my cats, where's that boy got to anyway?'

The voice of the invisible speaker was not unpleasant but the tone suggested irritation and a short-winded condition that might not be unconnected with climbing hills.

In an instant, quicker than a cat, Tommy was on his feet, his book hidden, his battered straw hat pressed firmly on his head, the hoe handle grasped resolutely in both hands while the hot blade clipped thistles and fox-tail from around the corn at an alarming rate, raising little columns of hot dust that settled on his bare feet, forming a crust like an old lava bed.

'Ho, Tommy.'

Again the voice, nearer now.

'Yes, pap. What cha want?'

Tommy paused, leaning on his hoe handle, as he looked back towards the fence behind the big maple. His round face wore a cherubic expression of innocence. Upon seeing him at that moment one would have declared that he had been hoeing corn without intermission for hours.

Suddenly there rose above the top rail of the fence, close to the big tree, a round, red face very like Tommy's own save that it was about four times as large and half covered by a three days' growth of brown beard. Two calm blue eyes surveyed Tommy with mild approval, not quite free from suspicion. Then followed a heavy body ending in jack-boots. Again the voice rumbled.

'Getting along purty good, son, huh? Don't go at it too hard. Get sunstroke. Powerful hot. Give you a hand. Bring any water, what?'

'Down at 'tother end of the field,' said Tommy, pointing with his hoe. He added, 'Put it in the water-hole to keep cool. Want it?'

'Nope, not now. I'll hoe down to it.'

Tommy recommenced hoeing, but at a rate which did not foreshadow any alarming consequences from overwork.

The owner of the jack-boots and the voice dragged a large hoe over the fence, carefully cleared the weeds from around one hill of corn, and cast his eye towards the far end of the field. How far away it seemed,

as far as the unrealized dreams of his youth. Nothing on earth looks longer than an unhoed row of corn on a hot day. The man leaned on his hoe and said, 'Phooooooo'. Pushing his straw hat onto the back of his nearly bald head he took three steps backward and sat down on the identical spot lately occupied by Tommy. Again he said, 'Phoooooo', but in a lower key. His heavy body sank back on the cool grass and soon to the myriad sounds of summer was added the heavy, regular breathing of a fat, middle-aged gentleman enjoying a sound sleep.

Half way to the swamp Tommy paused in his hoeing and looked back towards the maple. He saw the dark bulk of the man under the tree and grinned, thrusting out about two inches of pink tongue. His blue eyes filled with mischievous laughter. Suddenly he heard, coming from the direction of the house, the hollow blast of a horn. In an instant the hoe was lying on the hot ground, like an abandoned musket, while its owner bounded like a young roe-buck in the direction of the welcome sound. He could smell fried bacon and eggs and fresh raspberry pie.

'Where's yo pap? Didn't yo see him?' enquired Mrs. Cole, dishing up the potatoes.

'Peers like I saw him going over the big hill about an hour ago,' replied Tommy, groping with tightly-closed eyes and extended hands for the roller towel on the back of the kitchen door.

'Tarnation, I do wish he wouldn't poke off every day just when dinner's 'bout ready. Set in. I'm not going to wait. I'm hungry. So are you, I 'spect.'

Mrs. Cole was a heavy, good-natured woman who thought little and said less. Nature had provided her with just enough brain stuff to enable her to cook a good dinner, wash clothes, knit socks, make balm-argilead salve and black-cherry cordial, drive a bargain with the egg buyer, and repeat the Lord's prayer after the rector on Sundays. Having placed the food on the table, she subsided into a chair and slowly poured herself a good cup of strong tea.

Tommy required no urging to induce him to do full justice to his mother's excellent cooking. At last he emptied his third mug of skim-milk, heaved a sigh of content, wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve, reached for a second section of raspberry pie and, lifting it dripping to his mouth with a murderous-looking red hand, pushed back his chair and made for the back door.

'Where you going?' enquired Mrs. Cole.

'Hunt pap', replied Tommy over his shoulder.

'Don't you go to chasin' around after him in this heat. He'll come when he gets ready', called Mrs. Cole, but Tommy was already out of ear-shot.

'Ho, pap, dinner', shouted Tommy, looking over the fence at his slumbering parent.

'Huh, what's that?' said Mr. Cole, sitting up suddenly and rubbing his eyes hard.

'Ma wants you to go to dinner. I've had mine.'

Jumping over the fence, Tommy started down the rows of corn towards where he had left his hoe.

'Had your dinner?' said Mr. Cole, 'why in snakes didn't you call me?'

'Thought you heard the horn. Didn't know you was asleep', replied Tommy without looking back.

'Take it easy, son, till it gets a bit cooler. I'll be back around three o'clock, maybe.'

Mr. Cole scrambled to his feet, climbed over the fence and started down the lane towards the house. Lord, how hot it was. Not fit weather to work in.

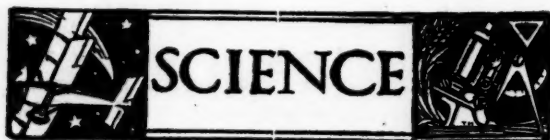
From his place in the middle of the row Tommy watched his father traverse the lane till a sharp turn and some trees hid him from sight. The corn field was not visible from the house.

'Phooooo, now, let's see; where was I?'

Tommy turned the pages of his book a moment, then stopped, settled back on the jacket and breathed a sigh of complete contentment.

'If Emmeline Graingerford could make poetry like that when she was fourteen—there ain't no telling what she could a done by and by.'

Again Tommy was in the shade under the big maple, not facing west now but round more towards the east. The area of shadow next the field slowly diminished as the sun swept westward. The locust still buzzed at intervals and a little wind stirred the leaves overhead with a delightful, cool rustle. Tommy turned page after page. He was still turning pages when Bessy, the bell-cow, slowly mounted the hill from the direction of the swamp and paused on the summit to give vent to her feelings in a deep 'Moo, moo, moo, moo, mooooo, mur', not six feet from Tommy's elbow. At that moment the elder Cole assumed a sitting posture on the back stoop and called to Mrs. Cole to know what time it was. With a sigh Tommy noted the number of pages still to read, forty. 'Finish it to-night in bed, maybe', he muttered as he rose to his feet and prepared to drive the heavy-uddered cows home.



THE AMERICAN INDIAN*

WHEN Columbus first discovered islands beyond the western Ocean, his interest was aroused not only by this new land with its strange flora and fauna, but, above all, his mind was

*THE AMERICAN INDIAN, NORTH, SOUTH, AND CENTRAL AMERICA, by A. Hyatt Verrill, Appleton, pp. 485; illustrated.

filled with wonder at the strange, dusky aborigines. Who were they? Believing that he was close to the Asiatic mainland, he termed them *Indians*, and the name has been retained until the present day. Other explorers, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and English, came in contact with natives in all parts of the Americas; the early records are filled with comments upon customs which struck the new-comers as quaint and remarkable; some of the inhabitants were carried off in high-handed manner as slaves or objects of curiosity, and within a relatively short space of time the principal characteristics of the Eastern Indians were fairly well known to the old world.

With permanent settlements in America a new era began. No longer a mere subject of curious interest, the Indian was of vital import to the colonist. Indeed, the early pioneers on the New England coast were maintained during the first bitter winters only with the assistance of the Indians and by dependence upon their stores of corn. Those were the days when Indian chiefs were spoken of as kings, when European writers felt that the red man must have an elaborate system of government analagous to his own, and when intermarriage between Indian princesses and white men was considered proper and desirable. As the colonies increased in strength, however, the Indian, displaced from his hunting lands, became hostile; new tools destroyed his economic stability; strong drink affected his powers of resistance; new diseases undermined his health; until, gradually, as wars and conflicts developed, the native became regarded as an object of fear and contempt, who must be eliminated. So it has transpired. In the lonely regions of the north and in the dense forests of the tropics, the native still holds his own to some extent, but throughout the vast regions of temperate North America he has been cast aside and his survivors are only to be found on small reserves. A few of them will probably withstand the onrush of civilization, but their culture will soon be a thing of the past.

But though the Indian has gone, he has left a mark which can never be effaced. The place names of North America attest the presence of a people whose languages, wonderfully rich in melodious vowel-ending words, strike pleasantly, though unfamiliarly, on Anglo-Saxon ears. Tobacco, corn, pumpkins, squash, quinine, and a host of other foods and drugs have been adopted from the natives and have spread to all parts of the world. The novelist delights in Indian themes, and makes use of many trite expressions which he thinks illustrate their life. The reviewer hopes that future writers will take the trouble to read Chapter 3 of Verrill in order to save themselves from many oft-repeated inaccuracies. It will surprise many white men to realize that the Indian is neither red nor taciturn, nor, with the exception of



GEORGIAN BAY PINES

By J. E. H. MacDONALD

hunting tribes, gifted with amazing powers of observation. It is not too much to say that few people or objects about which so much has been written, have been so utterly misunderstood as the American Indian.

The reason for this ignorance is two-fold. We are too close to the native to see him in perspective. We have met the Indian from some reservation, dressed in white man's clothing, blindly endeavouring to follow the white man's ways, and we tend, forsooth, to think of him as typical. Or we are steeped in tales of wars in which our sympathies are always with our own people, and our imagination has failed to grasp the fact that in most cases it was the white man who was the aggressor. For those who are interested in details of Indian life there are admirable anthropological monographs issued by the Bureau of American Ethnology and by many of the larger museums. A few years ago there appeared an excellent survey of the Indians by Clark Wissler of New York (*The American Indian*, Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1922), but it is too deep for the general reader. Such scientific publications have had little effect upon the man in the street, whose opinion of the Indian is still based upon *Hiawatha*, the *Last of the Mohicans*, or, if his tastes run that way, on one of a host of lurid adventure tales of the West.

Verrill's book is intended for the intelligent general reader. The author is a writer of wide experience, and an anthropologist of no mean merit. He has carried out extensive field work in Central and South America for the Heye Museum, and draws considerably upon his personal experiences. Not only does this add to the general interest of the book, but it increases its scientific value, since many of those tribes are little known even to the expert. The author first asks 'Who are the Indians?' and describes the principal theories with regard to the peopling of the Americas. Next he passes to the ancient civilization of Central America. After this come two extraordinarily valuable chapters on popular misconceptions, on the Indian attitude to the early explorers, and on the treatment of the native by the white man. Then follow general descriptions of religious beliefs, mythology, shamanism, dances, handicrafts, and of social customs. The second part of the book deals with specific tribes and their principal customs, the material being arranged according to geographical distribution. This is done in considerable detail, although without the strict defining of culture areas introduced by Clark Wissler.

Nothing but praise can be given for the scope of the work. Considering the amount of material presented, there are surprisingly few errors. The reviewer feels that the first chapter will confuse the general reader, and that the evidence for the Mon-

golian affinities of the Indians is stronger than Verrill believes. The author's style is easy, although somewhat flippant in places. The use of such terms as *flapper* and *hocus pocus* sound out of place in a book of this kind, but if they lead to its being read by the general public the loss of dignity will be compensated for.

This is a book which can be recommended to the layman wishing an accurate, but not too detailed account of the Indians as a whole. The illustrations are well chosen and fairly well reproduced; those of the author's own paintings add considerably to the beauty of the work. The anthropologist is often asked to recommend a book with just such a scope as this, and it is to be hoped that *The American Indian* will be widely read. The reader must remember, however, that the subject is a vast one, and that this volume, excellent though it is, can only serve as an introduction to a field of study of intense interest and of great value.

T. F. McILWRAITH.

LOVE HAS TEARS

O'erleap the body's joy with tears
That from a deeper joy
Upflow amid the incredulous jeers
Of a lusting girl and boy.

Let them the honey overtaste,
But we are honey-fed
Yet, fearing over-delight and waste,
Have to the spirit fled,

Where joy is brotherly to grief
And both have an ecstasy
That God gave merciful relief
In rapt economy.

By EDWARD SAPIR.

MOON MADNESS

Straight up the moon-path goes the canoe;
For an hour the strong paddler in the stern has
kept it pointed there.

In an ecstasy of worship
I have followed the glittering approach;
Now I know the terror of loveliness!
Oh, turn the canoe aside!
Do you not remember the end of Li Po?
Sturdy outdoor wanderer,
Romantic old sky lover,
He had praised the moon in his songs
From youth to middle years!
But at last, drunk with rapture,
On a night such as this,
He plunged into the water to embrace her,
And drowned with empty arms.

LYON SHARMAN.

TWO PICTURES

By FRANCIS JAMES WHITING

YPRES—FEBRUARY, 1916

PASS the word back: No smoking.
 Tramp . . . tramp . . . left, right, left . . .
 'No Smoking, No Smoking', the word passes back from platoon to platoon to the end of the column.
 Heavy boots strike hard on the cobbled road. A gentle rain falls. Splash of thin mud upon puttees.
 Comes the rattle and clatter of transport limbers loaded with rations.

'Keep over to the right . . . to the right . . . the right.' The command passes up the column which surges over towards the edge of the road.

Over the railway track and into the echoing town. Tramp . . . tramp . . . left, right, left. An occasional shell whistles softly high overhead. A battery near Bedford House opens up with one apiece. The explosions echo and re-echo up and down the narrow side streets. Comes an answering quartet of 5.9's that land over to the right somewhere near the old caserne. The tearing crashes fill the town with din for a long moment.

Across the Grande Place, by the Cloth Hall whose turrets still overlook the stricken city.

Through the Menin Gate and along the road for half a mile.

'Pass the word back: Form two-deep.'

A turn to the right. Another half mile and the column leaves the road.

'Form single file.'

In front, on the left, and far to the right starshells rise, burst, and fall unendingly. A distant intermittent cracking of rifle-fire and tut-tut-tut of machine guns grows more distinct.

'Wire underfoot . . . underfoot.'

The column follows the crooks and twists of the China Wall safe from the enfilading machine-gun fire.

Up on the top a party of stretcher-bearers, ignoring danger, slowly passes back to the dressing station.

At the junction of a communication trench five or six still figures lie side by side. A rubber sheet enshrouds one form. The rest lie staring upward, their faces a dirty smeared white.

More turns left and right. 'Step short in front . . . Step short in front.'

The sudden burst of a nearby starshell reveals a dim form peering over the parapet. His back and shoulders glisten wetly.

'Three men stay in this bay.' One takes the place of the sentry. A few whispered tips on fixed rifles and water supplies.

'Who are you chaps?'

'Canadians.'

'Hey, Bill, I told yer the Canadians was going ter relieve us.'

From the nearby shelter of a few sandbags covered with corrugated iron comes a muffled sound of voices. 'Well, of all the dives! Don't you fellows ever fix up decent dug-outs?'

The canvas covering of the opening parts and a corporal of the battalion which is being relieved steps out.

'What do you want, jam on it?'

FEBRUARY, 1926

I AM afraid it will be dark before we get there, old girl.' The speaker peers through a carriage window as the train pauses at a neat brick station. A few lamps light the village streets. At a gate marked 'Sortie' a child appears leading a large black dog. A gentle rain falls. By the railway a few scraggly cabages stand wet and forlorn in the winter dusk.

A name across a lamp.

'Ah, I thought we were getting down that way!'

Langemarck. . . .

Another stop with an unpronounceable name. A few houses at a cross-roads and a little knot of peasants in the doorway of the Estaminet.

A light from somewhere falls on a notice-board:

'Hell-fire Corner.'

Another notice with a hand pointing south: 'China Wall British Cemetery.'

Another mile or two or well-tended fields and neat red brick dwellings. Here and there along the right-of-way appear deep gashes and holes overgrown with coarse grass and weeds.

'Yper, Yper!'

A bustle of collected parcels and children. Two or three unmistakable tourists. Pools in the road-way reflect the light from tall buildings.

A baffled stare. . . . 'Perhaps you had better wait here in the station, dear, until I get my bearings and locate a hotel.'

'What do you wish for supper, Monsieur?'

'Yes, many people in Ypres speak a little English. So many come here in the summer to visit the graves.'

. . . . 'What will you drink then, Madame, if you do not have wine?'

A few more drift into the café. In one corner a quiet game of chess is in progress. A lively discussion about a recent football match. Talk on the weather and the possibilities of the tourist trade next summer.

'Merci, Monsieur; merci, Madame.'

The swinging door closes softly. A large touring

car turns the corner and passes on into the darkness. A splash of thin mud upon silk stockings. From a nearby café a loud-speaker announces the programme from Paris for the evening.

The rain has ceased and a shell-riddled tank mounted in the Station Square reflects a hazy moon from its wet armour.

'Ah, well', speaks the girl, 'it is all very peaceful now.'



ADVANCING AMERICA

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, by Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard (Macmillans in Canada; 2 vols., pp. 824 & 828; \$12.50).

ALTHOUGH absolute 'objectivity' is the avowed aim of the modern historian, it is probable that no really great historical work has ever been produced that does not reveal a very definite bias on the part of the writer. There are, of course, compilations of historical 'facts', written in precise academic style by conscientious day-labourers in the literary field, which are unprejudiced and pure, but while they have their value as books of reference it is not through these desiccated text-books that we may pass, the gateway of time and enter into the living realities of the past. Any vital work of history must be more than a catalogue of events; it must necessarily be an interpretation of facts, a thesis of cause and effect, a study of the motives that move mankind. In writing of the present machine age, Professor and Mrs. Beard indicate something of the method of the model historian.

Whatever their practices, historians of the new century made solemn vows to truth, declaring that it was not their business to praise or condemn, pronounce ethical judgments, serve the cause of party, or play the role of chauvinist, but rather to ascertain the facts of particular situations, order them systematically, and draw from them only the deductions warranted by the evidence.

If the authors accept these rules of procedure in general, they do not hesitate to crash through any such self-imposed barriers on occasion, and although their ethical judgments are more often implied than stated in express terms, they reach their mark, and frequently create more havoc than any ponderous denunciation or pontifical pronouncement. What could be more subtle—or more devastating—than the following sketch of President Coolidge?

Harding's successor, Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, Daniel Webster's state, had just the training, temper and opinions required to promote the administrative policies of restoration and healing. Coolidge had likewise come up through the great American school of village politics to high places by cautious steps always in line with the measured tread of his organization leaders. He

had long served his party, rising from membership in the town council of Northampton through the offices of city solicitor and clerk of the court to the state legislature, passing on to the post of lieutenant-governor and finally reaching the governor's chair. Never in all his career had he shocked his neighbours by advocating strange things prematurely; neither had he been the last of the faithful to appear upon the scene in appropriate armour. Conciliation and prudence had been his watchwords; patience and simplicity his symbols of life.

Without labouring the point, it is clear that Prof. and Mrs. Beard have a very definite philosophy; they are tolerant of evolutionary and revolutionary movements; they believe that 'everything flows' and appear to be sympathetically inclined towards the radicals, whose endless task it is to break through the obstacles which impede the current; and their interpretation of history is essentially an economic interpretation. Something of the personality, of the soul of the artist, must shine through every fine work of art, and *The Rise of American Civilization* is a tapestry, rich in colour, design, and word-pattern, rather than a precise mechanical blue-print. There is an epic quality in this work; something deeper and more universal than any manifestation of a national spirit. It is a picture of man living in a given condition of time and space; man, filled with a lust for exploration and adventure, with insatiable appetites and endless curiosity, ever tearing down his unfinished work and building anew, ever driven forward by some inexplicable urge towards an unknown goal.

In the introductory chapter we are taken back to the migratory movements at the dawn of history, successive waves of tribes and races sweeping over great areas of Asia and Europe, subduing or destroying the communities in their path, building new social systems on the wreckage of the old, and in their turn being submerged by some new flood of invasion. There follows a brief outline of the peculiar social and political trends in England which developed the remarkable genius for colonization in the British people, and enabled them to capture a continent from other nations—French and Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese who were rivals in the field. Several chapters are devoted to the colonial period, from the early days of the Virginia Company to the Revolutionary War. These contain an excellent description of the steady growth of friction between the colonial assemblies and the Board of Trade and Plantations, 'organized for the purpose of drawing under one high authority every branch of colonial economy and every transaction of consequence effected by His Majesty's governments beyond the seas', which finally ended in armed conflict. This was something greater than a political struggle between New England and the Homeland:—

Indeed, in nearly every branch of enlightened activity, in every sphere of liberal thought, the American Revolution marked the opening of a new humane epoch. . . . If a balance sheet is struck and the rhetoric of the Fourth

of July celebrations is discounted, if the externals of the conflict are given a proper perspective in the background, then it is seen that the American Revolution was more than a war on England. It was, in truth, an economic, social and intellectual transformation of prime significance—the first of those modern world-shaking reconstructions in which mankind has sought to cut and fashion the tough and stubborn web of fact to fit the pattern of its dreams.

But if, through revolution, great gains were made by the advocates of democratic principles, reaction followed swiftly in the wake of the war. The Declaration of Independence was filled with fine phrases about liberty and the rights of man, but when, twelve years later, the new constitution was drawn up, the right-wing of the revolutionary party was in control—'all the men of considerable property', the large landowners, the judges, the clergy, and the officers of the army. They established a system of 'checks and balances' which guarded against any excess of democracy, and, in the words of Madison, protected 'the diversity in the faculties of men, from which the rights of property originate'. Although the revolution was supported by the small farmers and artisans, it was guided and controlled by the upper class, and, as in Cromwell's day, once the remnants of feudalism were overthrown the activities of the 'levellers' were sternly suppressed, and property rights and vested interests of the bourgeois economy were buttressed by every known legal and administrative support. But the Federalists had hardly got their safe and sane rule well established when new forces began to exert their influence in the political life of the country. By the end of the eighteenth century the gentlemen of considerable property were shuddering at the advent of Jeffersonian democracy, the trading interests of the North-Eastern states were beginning to clash with the Southern planters, and the axes of the pioneers were creating new agricultural states to the West, which were to upset the balance of power. All through the work there is a strong sense of the surge and recession of economic forces, the gradual shifting of political control away from the South as the new farming communities in geographical extent and in population, and the industrial areas of the North and East grew apace. Finally the conflicting interests became too great for any hope of pacific settlement and the country was drawn into the maelstrom of civil war, or, as Prof. Beard regards it, the second American revolution. The issue of slavery was only incidental to the conflict, and in his opinion 'Lincoln was an astute politician rather than an idealist or a doctrinaire'. At the start Lincoln was far from being an abolitionist, and he became the great emancipator by chance rather than intention:—

Lincoln and his Republican brethren, offering proof of their readiness to seal the covenant forever, supported and carried through Congress an amendment to the Constitution declaring that for all the future the federal government should be denied the power to abolish or interfere

with slavery in any state. On March 4, 1861, the resolution was sent to the states for their ratification, with Lincoln's approval, and three states had actually ratified it when the outbreak of physical combat stopped the operation. By the irony of fate, not the deliberate choice of men, the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, when it finally came, was to abolish slavery in the United States, not to fasten it upon the continent to the end of time.

Following close on the years of reconstruction which succeeded the war, there came an outburst of human energy that was unparalleled in history. With the birth of new mechanical inventions the wheels of industry spun faster and faster, piling up a wealth of manufactured goods that created a new high-water-mark in the standards of living of the multitude. At the same time new territories were being acquired from France, Spain, Mexico and Russia, frontiers were being pushed farther and farther back until the last frontier was reached on this continent, and the United States began to reach out beyond the waves to the Caribbean, the South Seas and the far Pacific. Democratic America had become an imperial state. At intervals throughout the book, the authors rest in their narrative of social and political turmoil and make a calm survey of the existing development of the arts and sciences. A keen critical study is made of the progress of invention, the field of literature, religion, the drama, the status of women, and the organization of labour at different periods of national growth. Altogether this is a fine piece of workmanship. Caustic at times, but in the main good-tempered, surprisingly free from any trace of insularity or chauvinism, and filled with humour, insight, and fine imaginative qualities. *The Rise of American Civilization* is an example of bold historical interpretation, and it is also an admirable piece of writing.

J. F. W.

WAR ORIGINS

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PROBLEM OF WAR GUILT, by Harry Elmer Barnes (Knopf; pp. xxx, 750; \$4.00).

IT is not long since the American public had a clear and unclouded picture of the origin of the late war. It was dinned into its ears by four-minute men, and it was epitomized by the headline writers. The story was very simple. For many years—since 1870 said some, 'since the days of Frederick the Great thought others—the infamous German government had been plotting the complete mastery of all the world. Austria was already its tool. At the proper moment Austria attacked Serbia outrageously at Germany's behest, Germany herself invaded Belgium, and the world came to war at once to prevent small nations from being overrun by big ones, at least not by those which spoke German. Appropriate sections of the story accounted somewhat derisively for what the United States had been doing all the while down to

1917. And the plot unfolded itself in a wealth of episodes. But why recall them? The Potsdam Crown Council, the Pact of Konopisht, the cement gunmounts, the philosophy of poor, old gibbering Nietzsche? Doubtless they served their turn in building war morale, although our bayonet instructor used other material to encourage us to hate the Hun. They served their turn at least by helping to fasten upon Germany in the Treaty of Versailles sole responsibility for the war, by reason of which, it was stated, Germany was saddled with the reparations bill.

Whether any historians in the Allied countries who really deserved their reputation for scholarship ever fully came to believe the war legend in its entirety may be doubted. At any rate the flood of memoirs and of documentary correspondence which has been precipitated by the revolutions in eastern and central Europe has compelled all scholars who have examined any considerable portion of the new materials to revise radically the notion that Germany was the arch-conspirator. In the United States, Professor S. B. Fay, and in Canada, Mr. John S. Ewart, have been pioneers in original examination of the new evidence, and have demonstrated to the satisfaction of many how utterly untenable the naïve war legend is. Now comes Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, bringing the war guilt controversy out of the closet, making plainly available to every intelligent reader the wholly different story of the origins of the war.

Professor Barnes has traversed a wide field of controversy and event, not without slips of details, consistency, and in one or two matters of taste. But it must be insisted, first of all, that he has written living history. Under the skilful treatment of his pen the parties to the controversy cease to be those awful meaningless monstrosities, Germany, France, England. The reader is never allowed to forget for an instant that these are but the symbols, representing the pawns with which statesmen and diplomats play their game of war. There is public opinion to be reckoned with, and frequently created, as Poincaré and Izvolski worked upon French opinion from 1912 to 1914, stimulating its zeal for the Entente. But the moves in the game preceding a war are essentially the moves of a handful of rulers and ministers, whose personal idiosyncrasies are a vital part in the fateful decisions which they take. Professor Barnes has ventured to analyze the mental operations of the men who ruled Europe in 1914. As a result, he presents a narrative of the origins of the war which is no mere modification in detail of the old story. We are not confronted with snippets of disconnected scandal and fragments of diplomatic episodes discreditable to one or more of the Allies. The story is a continuous whole, not merely contradictory to, but wholly different from, the war legend.

That there are general forces in the modern world

making for war, Professor Barnes does not ignore. He enumerates many of them. That Europe was in 1914 something of an armed camp, with two parties resting upon their arms awaiting a conflict, he makes clear. In his judgment, apparently, this did not make war inevitable, nor did it cause the World War which broke out in 1914. For such a war to take place, some one must have wanted it; some one highly placed, not an irresponsible segment of opinion in one or other of the countries. And for his villains he turns to Raymond Poincaré, who became President of France in 1912, and Izvolski, the Russian Ambassador at Paris from 1911. As represented by these men, Russia wanted the Straits, and France wanted Alsace-Lorraine. And they determined as early as 1913 to direct the course of the war they regarded as inevitable to the securing of these objects for their respective countries. The evidence for this 'plot' and its ramifications, including formidable military programmes on the part of both countries, and involving the extension of England's relations with Russia, consists chiefly in the dispatches of Izvolski to St. Petersburg. Insofar as the damaging implications of this correspondence have been controverted by Poincaré, Professor Barnes has little trouble in showing the disingenuousness of this rebuttal. It is difficult not to regard the definite and readily understandable objects of Poincaré and Izvolski as the outstanding features of the European situation in 1914.

Next to this comes the position of Austria-Hungary with reference to Serbia. The latter country had recently acted as aggressor in one Balkan war at Russian instigation and had fought another from which it had emerged greatly expanded in territory and with an unsatisfied appetite. Its government had connived for years at agitation aiming at the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian state. Recent disclosures make it clear that the Serbian Cabinet knew in advance of the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, and took no effective steps to prevent it. Austria proposed, with German assent, a brief war to punish Serbia, reduce somewhat her arrogance, and remove the internal menace. Peculiarities of Austrian internal politics, not to speak of the attitude of Italy and other powers, made territorial aggrandizement in the Balkans by Austria unlikely. We are asked to imagine the attitude of the United States, had Theodore Roosevelt and his wife been assassinated at El Paso, Antonio, Texas, on July 4, while watching a review of the Rough Riders, their assassins having been members of a notorious Mexican secret society, which had been openly abetted by the Mexican government with the aim of reannexing Texas and New Mexico. In brief, as causes for war go, Professor Barnes thinks Austria had a good one in July, 1914.

The fact is, as this book makes definitely clear, two wars began in 1914. The one was of Austria, backed

by Germany, to defend her national integrity and avenge her honour against Serbia. The other war was started by Russia backed by France. This was the World War. It is urged that Russia had no reason to go to the aid of Serbia in any way comparable to the cause which led Austria to deliver her warlike ultimatum. For Russia, prestige and imperialistic ambition in the Balkans were at stake; but for Austria-Hungary the very existence of the state and the continuance of the dynasty were threatened by the 'Greater Serbia' which Pan-Slav nationalists hoped would emerge from the next war. Only the positive desire of the Izvolski clique at St. Petersburg for a general war, Professor Barnes urges, kept the Czar from sharing with his fellow-dynasts their horror of the assassination. The civil government of Germany was so eager to avoid a general war that when it appeared that Russia would go to war for Serbia, it brought pressure, too late, to bear upon Austria.

As to England, *The Genesis of the World War* strikes a distinctly new note in diplomatic exegesis. With most competent students of British policy it agrees that England's entry into the war was due neither to Belgium, nor to concern for humanity, nor to the alliances, but to underlying conceptions of her interests in the continental balance of power. Professor Barnes does not, however, insist that Grey was a scoundrel. He argues that he was a blunderer, that he misconceived the interests of England in the situation. He compares the apprehended consequences of British neutrality with the disastrous effects which the war actually has brought to Great Britain and threatens to bring to her empire; economic and biological losses, the revolt of subject-nationalities, the overthrow of Liberalism, disruption of the Triple Entente and the establishment of a French military hegemony upon the Continent. All of this could have been averted had Grey firmly maintained neutrality, or if he had brought vigorous pressure to bear upon Russia. Barnes concludes that Grey was a 'well-meaning but vacillating and indecisive man, and an ignorant, stupid and naive diplomat'.

Thus, unwise statesmanship in Great Britain had a share, in the Barnes version of war origins, together with German folly and short-sightedness. But it was a general mobilization order of Russia, finally approved by the Czar July 30th, and known throughout the empire by 7 p.m., which precipitated the war. Austrian mobilization against Russia was ordered the following morning at 11.30. At 3.30 p.m., Germany demanded that Russia cease military measures. On August 1, she ordered general mobilization at 5 p.m., declared war upon Russia at 6 p.m.; Germany declared war on France August 3rd.

France had already decided upon war July 31st, and had begged Russia to direct all her efforts against

Germany. But as early as July 29th, Poincaré, Viviani, and Messimy promised full support to the Russian policy including mobilization, although by the terms of the Franco-Russian military convention. Russian priority of mobilization expressly released France from any treaty obligation to fight upon her behalf in the ensuing war. This constant encouragement by Poincaré and the nominally responsible French ministers supports Barnes in declaring that 'France and Russia share about equally the responsibility for the great calamity, and that no other European power, except Serbia, desired a general European conflict in the summer of 1914'.

LELAND H. JENKS.

JAMES BRYCE

JAMES BRYCE, by H. A. L. Fisher (Macmillans in Canada; 2 vols.; pp. 360 + 360; \$8.00).

THESE two carefully written volumes constitute what may be called the official life of James Bryce, as the distinguished Irishman who rose to fame and titles will always be known in history. Scholar, lawyer, university professor, author, traveller, cabinet minister, royal commissioner, ambassador—few men of his, or indeed of any other, generation, adorned with creative vitality so many human activities. It is quite easy to say that he was a genius, that he had extraordinary natural endowments. However all this may be, those of us who knew him personally will not soon forget the carefully nurtured habits of perseverance, of close observation, of critical objectivity, of devotion to duty, and above all of wholesale zeal for the matter in hand, which instructively come to memory as we read Mr. Fisher's pages. Nor can we forget Bryce's singular buoyancy and vitality. We knew him from our callow undergraduate days until recent years; and as our looks began to face the setting sun, his seemed as much as ever to reflect the morning glow of early manhood. For Bryce never seemed to grow old. In the closing years, it was an inspiration and an invaluable experience to meet him in a group of men much younger than himself and to listen to his enthusiastic questions, his stimulating conversation, his rich unfolding of mature reasoning, of deep philosophies, of profound suggestions—all with the zeal and glad effortlessness which endeared him to his own generation. It would be an idle task to set out in review the well-known details of Bryce's life, as they are part of every cultured man's knowledge. For us on this continent his memory will always remain inseparably connected with his *American Commonwealth* and with his tenure of office as British Ambassador to Washington. In the former connection, never before had the spirit of the United States been so critically and so keenly caught, not merely for the rest of the world, but for Americans themselves. It says much for Bryce's intense accuracy

of observation and for the deep insight of his personal relationships—and the *American Commonwealth* is largely the product of these—that his work at once became a standard commentary in the United States. In the latter connection, no man in his generation did more for Anglo-American relations.

Mr. Fisher's biography will serve to fix Bryce in history. It is accurate, well-informed, clearly written, and on the whole well planned. Every serious student will read it and will place it on his book-shelves. On the other hand, at least to those of us who knew Bryce, it is full of disappointments. First of all, it is at once too long and too short. We could well have done without many of the descriptions of travel, for example, and we would have welcomed more intimate details and many more personal letters. Indeed, and this secondly, we are not entirely convinced that Mr. Fisher is Bryce's ideal biographer. He has quite rightly set himself to present a 'portrait of the man', but we think that he has failed. Mr. Fisher's own personality, his training as a professional historian, his natural restraint, his emotional rigidity—all combine to rob his work of those very qualities which it emphatically needed. Thirdly, the whole thing is too formal, too cold, too colourless. We miss a sense of enthusiasm, of abandon, of informality—of, call it what you will, which would have served in some degree to reveal the extraordinary charm of Bryce's personality. The biography lacks that intimacy between subject and reader which is the very essence of biographical literature. Mr. Fisher writes, as it were, professionally. We confidently hope that he will see his way to provide us with two volumes of Bryce's more personal correspondence, and we believe that we shall find the true Bryce there. If it does not exist, then we can only hope that these official volumes will be galvanized into life by a monograph from the pen of some one who knew Bryce on terms of close intimacy and who possesses something of that joyous youthful enthusiasm with which Bryce will always be connected in our memory.

TWO ANTHOLOGIES

LYRICS FROM THE OLD SONG BOOKS, collected and edited by Edmonstone Duncan. (Routledge; vii 611. Price 12/6).

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS WRITTEN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, edited by Kathleen W. Campbell. (Percy Reprints; Irwin and Gordon; pp. 212; \$1.75).

THIS collection of lyrics is not an anthology compiled by a poet or a literary historian; it is a song-book—a very full collection of the words of 672 English songs, dating from the middle of the 13th to the end of the 19th century—and it is edited by a musician and a song-writer. It is an attractive volume, amusing in its inexhaustible variety, ranging from the traditional Sussex song "Old Boney Swore

He'd Drink Old England Dry" to the most perfect of Shelley's lyrics, and from a soliloquy of *Hamlet* to *The Lost Chord*. It is full of information about the various musical settings, and where they are most conveniently to be found. These annotations would have been more useful, however, if complete references had been given to all modern song collections which are adequate and easily accessible. I can find, for instance, no reference to the two volumes of *Elizabethan Love Lyrics*, edited by Frederick Keel, which contain a very good selection from the various early 17th century 'Bookes of Ayres'.

Furthermore, the book would have been much more valuable if the proof-reading had been more carefully done—or can it be that Mr. Duncan has consciously adopted a method of punctuation which is musical rather than literary? Punctuation certainly often presents a difficult problem in collating 17th century MSS. and printed books, but that does not account for the obvious misplacing of commas and semi-colons in well-known and well-edited poems such as Lyly's *Campaspe*, or Shakespeare's *Sonnet lxxvii*. Nor do we understand why it was necessary in choosing some particular version of a ballad like the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow* to print it in a form which at any rate from a literary point of view is obviously inferior and less dramatic than that found in most anthologies.

These are perhaps small things to cavil at, but we cannot help feeling that Mr. Duncan's book would have been a better one if he had not been unwilling to accept the assistance of an experienced literary editor.

The ninth volume of the Percy Reprints is, on the other hand, an excellent piece of book-making, and the selection represents admirably the tastes of the Augustans in occasional poetry. It does not attempt to cover the 18th century; four-fifths of the volume is devoted to poems written between 1700 and 1750, and all the work of Pope and the chief masterpieces of Thomson, Goldsmith and Gray have been omitted to leave more room for the lesser known pieces of the period.

The result is very interesting—for we are left with an unusual and less conventional impression of the spirit of the age; we see a less familiar aspect, but nevertheless it may well be equally real and true. We are less aware of its keen satire, its polished wit, and formal manners; or at least we feel beneath all these things only the pleasant urbanity of the age—the peace of the Augustans'. Here is after all perhaps its real attitude to life, expressed in 'verses sent by George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, to Dr. Young, not long before his death'.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

"A Wife—and a Pipe—and
a Book to read:



What is there more that a
man can need?"

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THE POMP OF YESTERDAY

LEAVES FROM A VICEROY'S NOTE-BOOK, by The Marquess Curzon of Kedleston (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 414, illustrated; \$8.50).

LORD CURZON had qualities that would have made him famous in the days of the barons or even in Raleigh's time; it is a pity he arrived so late. He had an honest liking for the poms and vanities of this wicked world, and his ambition thirsted for a kind of glory which in his time and country could no longer be fully realized. A sure instinct led him to India, and there he came as near as was possible to realizing his ideal. He was happy in an atmosphere of ceremonious splendour that would have made most of his contemporaries stiff with boredom, his conviction of the merits of caste and rank was profound as any Brahmin's, his conception of good government oriental in its simplicity. The Princes of India understood him perfectly, and he them; really, he was at home with them, and incidents of his rule that caused consternation to the English yielded nothing but gratification to the Rajahs.

But to the mass of his own people Lord Curzon remains a vague and unmagnetic figure; a Viceroy of India whose Great Durbar cost England five millions sterling, a dignified pillar of more than one Government who yet failed to become either a dominating or a popular personality; a slight curiosity has perhaps been stirred by his figuring in recent memoirs as a gay and convivial wit of the eighties, a character hard to reconcile with the august patrician of this century; few seem to think of him as one of the great travellers of his day.

All three aspects of the man are revealed in this posthumous volume. The first part of the book comprises memoirs of royal days in India; at the close we find a varied collection of short papers—youthful impressions of Greece and Samarkand, the story of a duel, a noble panegyric of honest drink. The central bulk of the book includes records of travel in Persia, China, Korea, and the unknown Empire of Annam, but mainly it is occupied with the author's adventures in Chitral in the early nineties, his journey from Kashmir to Gilgit and from Gilgit to the Pamirs, including a fascinating study of the swarthy Highlanders of the Hindu Kush.

In the course of his travels Lord Curzon had many queer experiences. He had the distinction of tipping the widow of an emperor, he was hauled up in a net 'like a trussed quail' to the monastic eyries of Meteora, and in Korea he 'had the supreme satisfaction of arresting an Abbot and carrying him off',

a captive of his bow and spear. He writes of these rich memories with a gaiety and genial humour which any casual reader will find charming; but it is in the more serious chronicles of his explorations in the barren and forbidding heights of Central Asia that we come closest to the core of the man and realize his courage, his resolution, and his self-sufficiency.

Add to these qualities an extraordinary capacity for hard work and brilliant administrative abilities and we can hardly doubt that on the more plastic world of an earlier day he would have made a lasting mark. In the age in which he found himself, his peculiar combination of gifts and ambitions won him in the end only a sonorous string of empty titles, and seen against the background of democratic politics the portly dignity of the Marquess was often indistinguishable from pomposity; but as we peer at George Curzon climbing up over the roof of the world the tiny figure is a not unworthy representative of the Lilliputian conquerors of Nature.

ANGLO-INDIAN PROBLEMS

AN INDIAN DAY, by Edward Thompson (Macmillan, pp; 303; \$2.50).

MR. THOMPSON writes understandingly of a sun-dazzled India; harried by famine, by fever, and by social, political, and religious unrest. A vivid unforgettable picture of a lovely, ruthless land.

The greater part of the story concerns an out of the way station on the edge of the jungle and the handful of English people who govern it. They are shown, handicapped by their inability to understand the native temperament; blundering along with the best of intentions, and tremendously keen on their work, though they may not always have the understanding to carry it through successfully.

Even when they do possess the gift of imagination, there remains the conflict between duty and sentiment. Take Hamer, the English judge, for instance, who pictures to himself the feelings of an Indian, young and sensitive:—

'And if he came to some waste place as the sun was setting—or in the glory of the passionate dawn—how could he help feeling that the landscape was a living creature, appealing to her sons for liberation? Aliens were "civilizing" her beauty, they had brought in mills and factories and heavy, squat, white buildings; they had no homes here, they merely ruled and criticized and had their pleasure and went away. They did not care to understand, they did not love or praise or feel happiness.'

And yet, nevertheless, he feels that India is the Englishman's job, even while sympathizing with the Indian's desire to be rid of him.

And so it is throughout the book. Mr. Thompson shows clearly the difficulties that beset the official—English and Indian alike—without attempting to force

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the reader's opinion; nor, by the way, does he suggest any remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The principal characters are a pleasant wholesome out-of-door lot; in fact, a notable part of the story is that all matters of importance take place under the open sky; with the result that they become so blended with the haunting beauty of the landscape that it is difficult to decide which has the greater significance, the people, their problems, or the place itself.

THE HOUSE AT SKYE

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press; pp. 320; 7/6).

THIS is an amazingly beautiful book. In technique it is masterly; no other arrangement could have expressed the theme, and every detail shows the perfect tact of the fine artist. Mrs. Woolf has avoided all the pitfalls and overcome all the difficulties of the extremely modern methods; but more than this, she has used with magnificent 'style' these methods which in other hands so often become absurd and irritating. It is a book which insists upon an immediate second reading, so that, with the middle and end in mind, we can again enjoy to the full the first part of the book. In the first section we enter into the life of a family and its visitors up in Skye, on a certain day which must for various reasons dwell in the memories of half a dozen or so of the party all their lives. Especially do we become intimate with Mrs. Ramsay, who takes her place hereafter with the small group of beautiful women in fiction who are neither dolls nor saints. The first section is Mrs. Ramsay. Then comes a lyrical chapter of great impersonal beauty. The house at Skye is deserted for a number of years, including the period of war, and we wander through it with an old caretaker who has known the family and is preparing for their return. The third and last chapter gives us another day ten years later. This time we share the thoughts of a woman-artist who had been one of the house party of the first section, and of the youngest Ramsay boy who can hardly remember his mother, and now at sixteen is just beginning to understand his strangely gifted and strangely self-tortured father. It is not events (though these play their part), nor quite characters which make the book what it is. Though perhaps to many readers their intimacy with Mrs. Ramsay will remain as the unique experience of the book. But it is rather a study of relationships, very delicately sensed, and most tactfully and nobly drawn. It is a work of great human wisdom and of fine artistry.

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NEW HORIZONS IN EDUCATION

CONSERVATIVES have a hard time in this modern world. Reference is not made here especially to those who inherit certain social creeds, or to those who belong to equally certain political breeds, but to the large group of people who, because of too strong emotional attachments to the past and its methods of thought and action, find themselves protesting against a civilization that revels in circling the world with radio, making suburban lots of other continents, and turning the telephone booth into a moving picture show. Most serious of all, perhaps, to the conservative is the modern attitude to the child, who is now seen, heard and studied as an organism of unusual biological and psychological significance. In great part the truth—a very old one, and a very pregnant one—is breaking through the serried ranks of conservatism—that a little child shall lead.

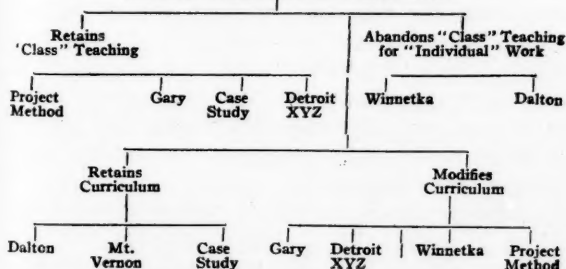
It is not yet literally true that the child has a voice in the solution of the world's greatest task—that of growing a strong, virile, independent manhood and womanhood. But in the conduct of the organization that eager apostles forced upon the conservatives of the Mid-Victorian era—the establishment of institutions for education, the child is making his presence felt in no uncertain manner. And there are unmistakable signs to-day that at no distant date adults will frankly acknowledge that our 'system' has been defeated by the passive resistance of the child, and will agree that the wisdom of the teacher must be supplemented by the energy and enthusiasm of the child if education is ever to be a real leading-out of abilities.

The school room in this country was early staffed too largely by erstwhile soldiers who transmitted to the educational system a military regimen. Their followers have in too many cases continued the policy under which they themselves were reared. And how has the child dealt with the situation? Very effectively, by being *inattentive, careless, irresponsible, forgetful, tardy, truant, 'just passed'*, and a lot of other adjectives which can be obtained from any overburdened teacher by any one who will take the trouble to ask her. In order to get the full significance of her answer, do this during the brief recess periods when children release their carefully guarded energy, not in getting an education but in totally unproductive work. These school ills can, of course, be ignored, but not even the most conservative myope

would overlook them for a moment in an industrial enterprise. One does not need to be a very keen scientist to recognize that these conditions are symptoms of something that is unhealthy in our school system, nor yet a Freudian mystic to say that they typify repressions that negatively waste the work of the teacher and the financial outlay of the parent, and positively create habits and ideals that must be abandoned as soon as these boys and girls leave school. It would be humorous if it were not tragic, to hear long and fervent discussion of the role of the school in character training, when the very system produces character traits that are positively anti-social. Why talk of teaching co-operation, when our child is taught only to obey; why prate of developing a sense of responsibility when the child knows that the teacher is held responsible for his success or failure; why expect to find a child developing self-control if he is told when he may go out, when he may come in, when he may get up, when he may sit down, when he may speak, what he must say, when he must be silent, from whom he may get assistance, when to read, when to draw, when to enjoy a sonnet, and when not to enjoy a picture. It is a fortunate thing that the child has developed defenses against such a system, hard as it may be on his teacher. The school must somehow be adjusted to the child.

Within the last two decades two major types of adjustment have been produced by pioneers in this field. Some have been primarily concerned with the adaptation of curricula to the needs, interests and abilities of the individual child; yet others have experimented with methods by which some freedom of choice, some increasing degree of responsibility, and some type of group co-operation may be made possible. 'Systems' and 'Plans' of varying degrees of merit have been produced, and a few of them are gaining recognition. It may assist our readers to get a clearer idea of these efforts, if an arbitrary classification be made. In the following table this has been attempted. The terms used to describe the systems are those by which they are conventionally designated.

FITTING THE SCHOOL TO THE CHILD.



Brief notes will serve to indicate the major characteristics of each Plan.

1. *Project Method*—Children work in small groups, mutually assisting each other in the solution of such simple and complicated problems as naturally arise in the daily life in home, school, business.
2. *Mt. Vernon*—Laggards, whether through intellectual handicap or bad habits of study, are coached by special teachers.
3. *Gary*—A lengthened school day and week allow for class and individual work in regular school subjects and in the application of the knowledge and skill so acquired in the shop and laboratory. Specific training, by practice, in social activities.
4. *Case Study*—Study of children who are special 'behaviour' problems in the class room, or who are manifesting special disabilities in school subjects, e.g. reading, leading to specific therapeutic measures in each case.
5. *Detroit XYZ*—Children are grouped so that they are intellectually homogeneous, and different curricula are provided for each group. X Y Z refer to bright, average and dull classes respectively.
6. *Winnetka*—The common essentials—the three R's, and spelling are studied individually, and the rate of progress in each case is determined by the abilities of the pupil. In other subject matter children make their own choice of curricula, and work in groups. Examinations only in essentials.
7. *Dalton*—No curricula change required, but usually made so that dull pupils complete a minimal course, and bright children do further work in a preferred field. Class organization abandoned. Work for a year is divided into written 'assignments' to be done in any order preferred by pupil. Freedom of movement. Freedom to solicit or give assistance.

These plans obviously represent only feeble initial attempts to treat the school diseases by removing their causes, a policy which all might agree has in it some element of sense. Do they mean anything more? In the opinion of the writer they do. They certainly do not lighten the teachers' load—they multiply it. They are not spreading because they are new—no element of novelty will suffice to keep a teacher at work through the long hours required to make a system of individualized teaching function. They are not easy—they require teachers of great courage and self-control, who can readily efface themselves from the centre of the picture. If we may believe reports they do achieve the cure of many distressing symptoms of school-sickness—this may be partly the reason. For there are many teachers

who realize that these phenomena are natural resultants of a system they themselves maintain in order to *teach a class*. Further, one suspects that those who support the newer enterprises are teachers of courage who find therein a challenge to their skill and their resourcefulness; that they are teachers with initiative who are interested in the art as well as the science of pedagogy, and—surely a justified assumption—that many of them have, or are getting, some vision of how the child becomes the man, not in a physical sense, but in terms of character.

In all these systems there is much that is crude and contradictory. But it is the direction that education will take in spite of the conservative, for the child is in the lead.

E. D. MACPHEE.



ON May 22nd, 1922, a play entitled *Abie's Irish Rose*, opened in New York. The critics laughed heartily, but their laughter was against it, not with it, and they left the theatre early with derisive guffaws. The first nighters, being a sophisticated crowd, agreed that it was a terrible concoction, and the reviewers said so in no uncertain terms. I have been told by a man who sat with Anne Nichols, the dramatist, on that historic night that she shed tears of mortification, not unmixed, probably, with annoyance. But the people who go to the box office and pay for their tickets disagreed so completely with the experts that, on August 6th, 1927, that play will have established the world's record for a long run; it will then have had one more performance than 'Chu Chin Chow' achieved in London during the war period. It has made Miss Nichols a multi-millionaire, and it has yet to find a writer who can explain in a satisfactory manner its unprecedented popularity. Intelligent people in every city have, invariably, pronounced 'Abie's Irish Rose' so much bilge, and surely the English-speaking stage has never seen a more puerile comedy.

It is always interesting to examine plays that have enjoyed record-breaking runs. First of all, we note that the best dramas in our language never do so, whether they be dramas of ideas or merely brilliant comedies. There would seem to be a limited public for 'Saint Joan' and 'The Importance of Being Earnest', 'The Pigeon' and 'The Thunderbolt,' and even the unlimited public of childhood did not put 'Peter Pan' into the record class. The distinguished dramas may draw the public for a considerable time, but the other New York plays that have approached 'Abie's Irish Rose' in popularity are 'Lightning', 'East

is West', 'Peg o' My Heart', 'The Bat' and 'Kiki', of which all were third rate, and one even a bore as a show.

Some of the long runs can be explained by surrounding circumstances. If there had been no Great War, with thousands of young men returning to London on leave, aching for laughter and music and a glimpse of femininity, 'Chu Chin Chow' would never have established the English record as a long runner. Here in Canada it was the sentiment attached to the Dumbells as much as the merit of their khaki revues that established them as an institution that is only now commencing to pall upon the public taste. Then again, the personality of an actor has occasionally given vitality to a mediocre drama. 'The Music Master' lived and died with David Warfield, and if you want to realize how much of the long run of 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' was due to the spiritual quality of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's acting, you have only to see another actor in the leading role. That play, which contains some amusing characterization, was revived by a stock company in Toronto immediately after the recent death of Jerome K. Jerome, and the Passerby was played with the sepulchral voice and all the solemnity of a particularly doleful undertaker. At times, the whole thing became ludicrous, instead of impressive and chastening, as Forbes-Robertson used to make it.

But none of these things can explain the tremendous vogue of 'Abie's Irish Rose', with its commonness, its banality and its comic strip humour. All one can say is that the play appears to be what the public wants—the public being that large section of the urban population which accounts for the prosperity of cheap vaudeville, jazz, baseball, the movies, the tabloid newspapers, beauty contests, the black bottom and a lot of well known politicians. Find the reason for one, and you will doubtless have found the reason for all.

Fortunately there are proofs ready to hand that it is not an indication of mental deterioration peculiar to the present generation. There was never a worse novel or play perpetrated than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and yet in both forms its popularity persisted in both Canada and the United States for longer than the life time of the author. If figures were available, they would probably show that no play written in the United States has ever been done as many times, and though 'Abie's Irish Rose' may equal it as a dramatic monstrosity, I doubt whether it will show equal vitality in the long run. Obviously, the third decade of the twentieth century is not setting new standards of bad taste in things theatrical.

Some persons have tried to explain 'Abie's Irish Rose' by saying that it appeals especially to the Hebrews and the Irish, who make up a large proportion of the population of the cities on this continent, but that reason is not enough. It seems to me that

the only thing to do is to accept the popularity of 'Abie's Irish Rose' as a fact, and to marvel at it. If it has exerted any influence on the theatre of this con-

tinental, it is as an encouragement to writers to keep on turning out plays that are, critically, beneath contempt.

FRED JACOB.

A MUNICIPAL MILK SUPPLY BY ARTHUR WILSON

The importance of a pure milk supply is generally recognised, but in spite of the fact that this principle is almost universally accepted there are many communities in Canada, both rural and urban, where conditions are far from ideal. Dr. Arthur Wilson, the writer of this article, is Medical Health Officer of the City of Saskatoon. The 'Public Health Journal' is authority for the statement that Saskatoon is the first city or community in Canada to have a tuberculous-free milk supply.

—THE EDITOR, CANADIAN FORUM.

THE story of a municipal milk supply may be started by making three blunt statements:

1. Over 50 per cent. of municipal milk in Canada is unfit for human consumption.

2. It is an amazing fact that municipal councils will play politics with the people's food supply, to the extent of causing sickness and death.

3. No one method of inspection or treatment of milk can render it safe and wholesome, but rather the use of all approved methods.

(1) Milk fit for human consumption should be fresh, clean, obtained from healthy cows, free from tuberculous infection, pasteurized, kept in cold storage until consumed and used within as few hours after pasteurization as possible. What percentage of Canadian milk will conform to this reasonable standard? It has been common knowledge for many years that milk is very easily contaminated. Disease-producing germs multiply and grow so easily in milk when kept at body temperature that bacteriologists frequently use it as a culture medium. No other food is so easily contaminated. In spite of this fact, many otherwise intelligent farmers and dairymen produce milk under conditions that they would never dream of in preparing any other food in like manner. Have you ever inspected the cow barn where your milk is produced? Would you care to eat your breakfast one fine morning in this barn? And yet you drink the milk produced there. Only too often milk is a by-product in the business of farming. The production of milk on dairy farms should be the chief and practically the only business, and until it is, the greater part of it will not be fit to drink.

Milk is the only food put into the delicate stomach of babies and often the only food tolerated by the diseased stomach of the sick. Therefore it should be at least clean and free from any poisonous material. Many a medical health officer is unpleasantly surprised at the action of some hospital boards. Without any hesitation the members of the board will accept the lowest tender for their annual milk contract, and know little or nothing about the quality of the milk apart from its percentage of butterfat. They will not hesitate to use raw milk in preference to pasteurized milk, and the bacteria count may be disregarded. Instead

of hospitals leading in the fight for a pure milk supply, they may be the last to fall in line.

Healthy people of all ages drink milk to keep well. Osler once said 'Milk is blood in another form.' In our campaigns for the consumption of more milk let us hear more about clean, safe milk. Create confidence in our municipal milk supplies, then it will follow, as day follows night, that there will be more milk consumed, to the advantage of the health of the people of this country. It is not very flattering to Canadian farmers, dairymen, members of municipal councils and municipal health officers to have the press tell the Canadian people that Americans are obliged at times to refuse admission of our milk into the United States, neither is it very profitable.

(2) What is the reason for so much poor milk being on the market? This brings me to my second statement. The tuberculin testing of cattle has been done by the Dominion Government for more than twelve years, and still very few municipalities in Canada have a milk supply from tuberculin-tested herds. They first tested the dairy cattle for the City of Saskatoon in May, 1915 and every year since that date. It is quite possible to eliminate tuberculosis from dairy herds and protect children from bovine tuberculous infection. The principles of pasteurization have been applied in a commercial way to public milk supplies for about twenty years, and yet cities having bylaws requiring the pasteurization of their entire milk supply are very few. Not until June, 1923, was such a bylaw put through in the above mentioned city. On the one hand for a considerable number of years research has pointed to methods of protecting municipal milk supplies, and on the other hand people are most desirous to be free from sickness and epidemics of communicable disease spread by milk. Then why is it that municipal councils are so slow to provide proper legislation and its enforcement to protect the people's food? Ask any medical health officer who has tried to obtain legislation for milk reform. He knows some of the difficulties. Dairy bylaws must be passed and enforced by city councils. The aldermen are elected by votes, and unless the public issue has a personal interest for the voter he votes indifferently; but the citizen whose pocket book is affected, or thinks

it may be affected, votes and works with all his energy against the alderman who dares to support reform and supports those aldermen who will champion his cause. It is amazing sometimes how an alderman in council will defend the so-called rights of the little man—that is, some small dairyman—to the detriment of the whole city's good, and that in face of the expert opinion.

Aldermen are frequently made use of in this way and often their source of information is absolutely unreliable or deliberately fraudulent. By the time their term of office has expired they are better informed, but then they must give place to another, and thus the process of education must be repeated. In other words, petty politics and personal prejudices are the greatest hindrance to dairy reform, and delay the time for municipalities putting into actual practice the knowledge that has been public for years. The fight is not always over when a milk ordinance has become law. Difficulties are placed in the way of its enforcement, and, indeed, attempts are sometimes made to have it repealed. In a matter which is so important to the health of the people I believe the authority to legislate for a municipality's milk supply should be taken away from the municipal council and given to a government commission, or at least controlled by such a commission in such a way as to protect this important food.

(3) No one method of inspection or treatment of milk can render it safe and wholesome, but rather the use of all approved methods:

- Inspection
- Tuberculin testing of dairy herds
- Pasteurization
- Laboratory examinations
- Sanitary methods of delivery.

Everyone knows that dairy farms should be inspected to see that the equipment is good and methods of operation are clean, but few people realize the difficulties there are in producing clean milk. Most people think that if you have clean stables, cows, utensils and milkers you will get clean milk, but you should consider first that the udder is placed not between the two front legs of the cow, but between the two hind ones, where the risk of contamination from excreta is much greater. The object of farm inspection is to attain the highest standard of cleanliness in the actual milk production, and then the public may be further protected by heating the milk to a temperature of 145 degrees Fahr. for twenty minutes or a half hour, which is pasteurization. Dirty milk cannot be made good by pasteurization, because it will contain too many poisonous substances or toxins in solution. Therefore, to protect a city's milk supply inspection of the dairies and pasteurizing plants and the pasteurization of milk are necessary. Furthermore, the milk should come from healthy cows free from tuberculosis. The tubercle

bacilli are killed by pasteurization, but any one who has had experience with commercial pasteurization knows that there are times when the milk may pass through without being completely pasteurized, due to some faulty construction or operation of the plant. No pasteurization plant is fool-proof, so why take any risk of virulent tubercle bacilli getting into the milk supply when it is possible to eradicate it from the dairy herds altogether.

We are frequently asked to test or examine milk for disease germs. The finding of disease-producing germs in milk is a difficult task and not practicable. The chief use of the bacteriological examination of milk is to get results that may be used as a guide to the inspector to check up on his work of inspection at the dairies and pasteurizing plants. Even if it were possible to find disease germs in milk, by the time they were found by the laboratory worker (two or three days after collection of samples) the milk would have been used and the damage done.

Milk should be delivered in bottles and kept at all times below 50 degrees, Fahrenheit. The municipal health officer's responsibility does not end when the bottle is left at the customer's door, instructions in the handling of milk and teaching with regard to its value as a diet must be carried into the home.

Milk should be delivered in bottles not only to the home, but also to public eating places. Customers should be able to obtain their milk in little half pint or pint bottles, and the seals should only be removed in the presence of the customer. A bylaw requiring this to be done in the City of Saskatoon has been in force since January of this year. Neither the people nor the managers of the milk business have regretted this piece of legislation. There has been a decided increase in the consumption of milk in our public eating places.

In conclusion, every approved method carefully carried out under municipal supervision should be adopted to protect a municipal milk supply. If better results are desired, then the municipality should go into the milk business and own and operate its own pasteurizing plant at least. After all, the citizens expect the municipality to provide them out of the public revenue from taxes an abundance of pure water, so why should they not expect the municipality to supply them from the same source safe, wholesome milk?

THE CANADIAN FORUM is edited by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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DESPITE our old friend Solomon there does, after all, seem to be something new under the sun. At least we are led to believe so by the critic of the New York Times Book Review who, writing about Thomas Raucat's

THE HONORABLE PICNIC

says, 'In the main the French have found a new manner of writing of the Orient. The writings of Loti and Claudel, . . . the interesting studies of the de Goncourts were all quite void of any sense of humour. Now a later generation has brought Gallic wit to play upon the obvious contrasts of the two civilisations as they mingle in the traffic of life.'

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AT the other end of the literary pole is Upton Sinclair's

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his first novel in eight years. It not only gives a striking picture of the oil industry, beginning in Southern California and taking in the world struggle, but it presents a complex pattern of present-day life, into which are woven oil magnates and labour leaders, financiers and Soviet agents, 'holy rollers' and agitators, moving picture stars and producers. It is a swiftly moving panorama of business and politics, love and intrigue, in which most of the principals and incidents may be easily recognized.

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IN her review of Margaret Fuller's striking new novel,

ALMA

Zona Gale rates it 'one of the really fine studies of a woman. But it is like no other study. Nothing since *Marie Claire* or *Maria Chapdelaine* has this simplicity and power, and yet it is in no way like either novel. It is the story of a Danish woman of forty who wants to be married. She comes to the "free country for the home." Through every absurdity of her quest, as her associates view her, she moves as *Alma Jorgensen*, the servant, the waitress, bodied forth with the definite lines of life; but overshadowing her like a bright cloud goes that epic seeker, the immemorial woman. . . . The book has virtually no waste matter. It is compact and well worked over. With *Alma's* lyricism shaded down a bit *ALMA* would still stand . . . as a clear-cut example of excellent writing, and a . . . triumphant and memorable picture of a woman.'

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